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NOQU TALANOA

Stories from the South Seas

BY

"SUNDOWNER"

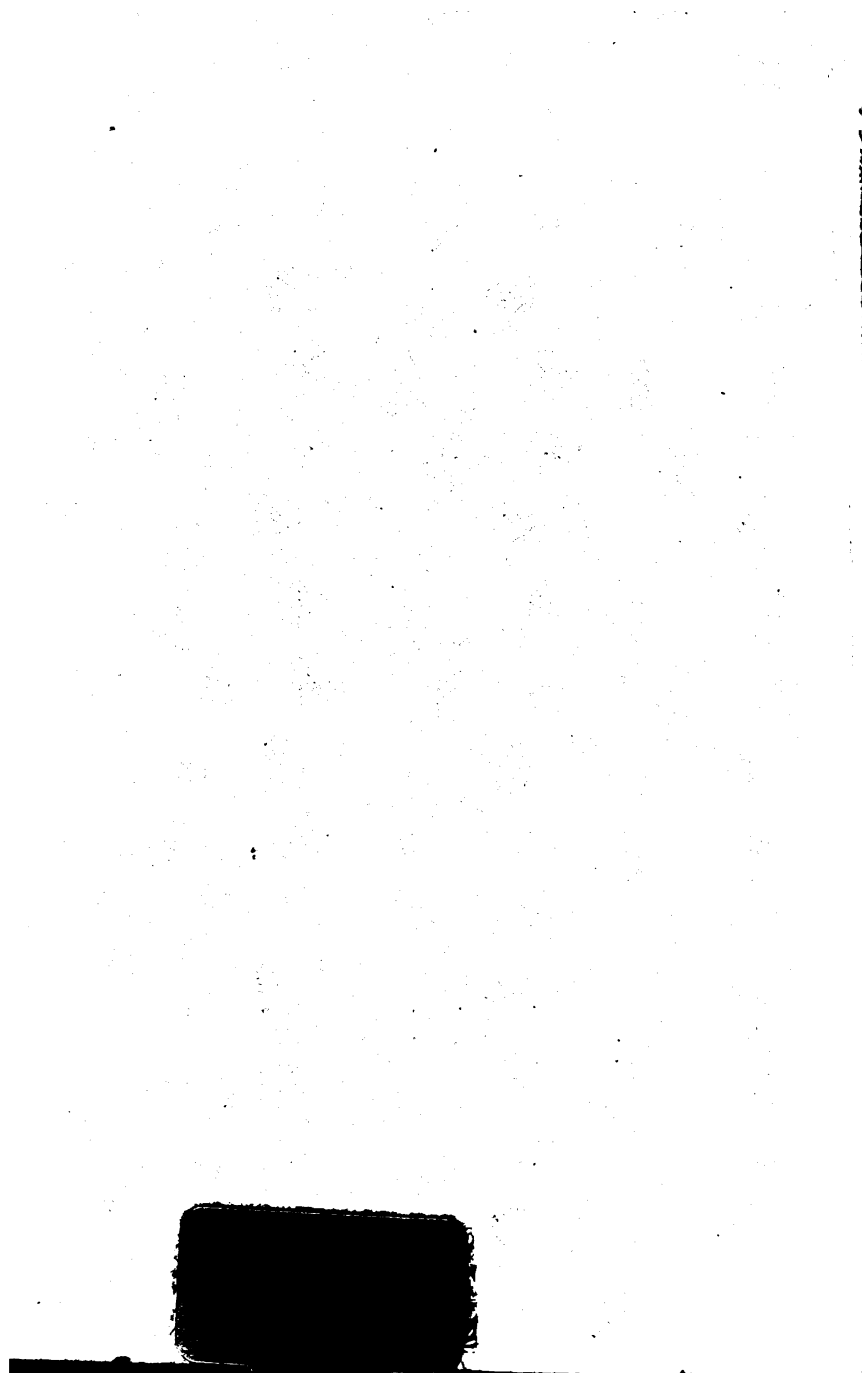
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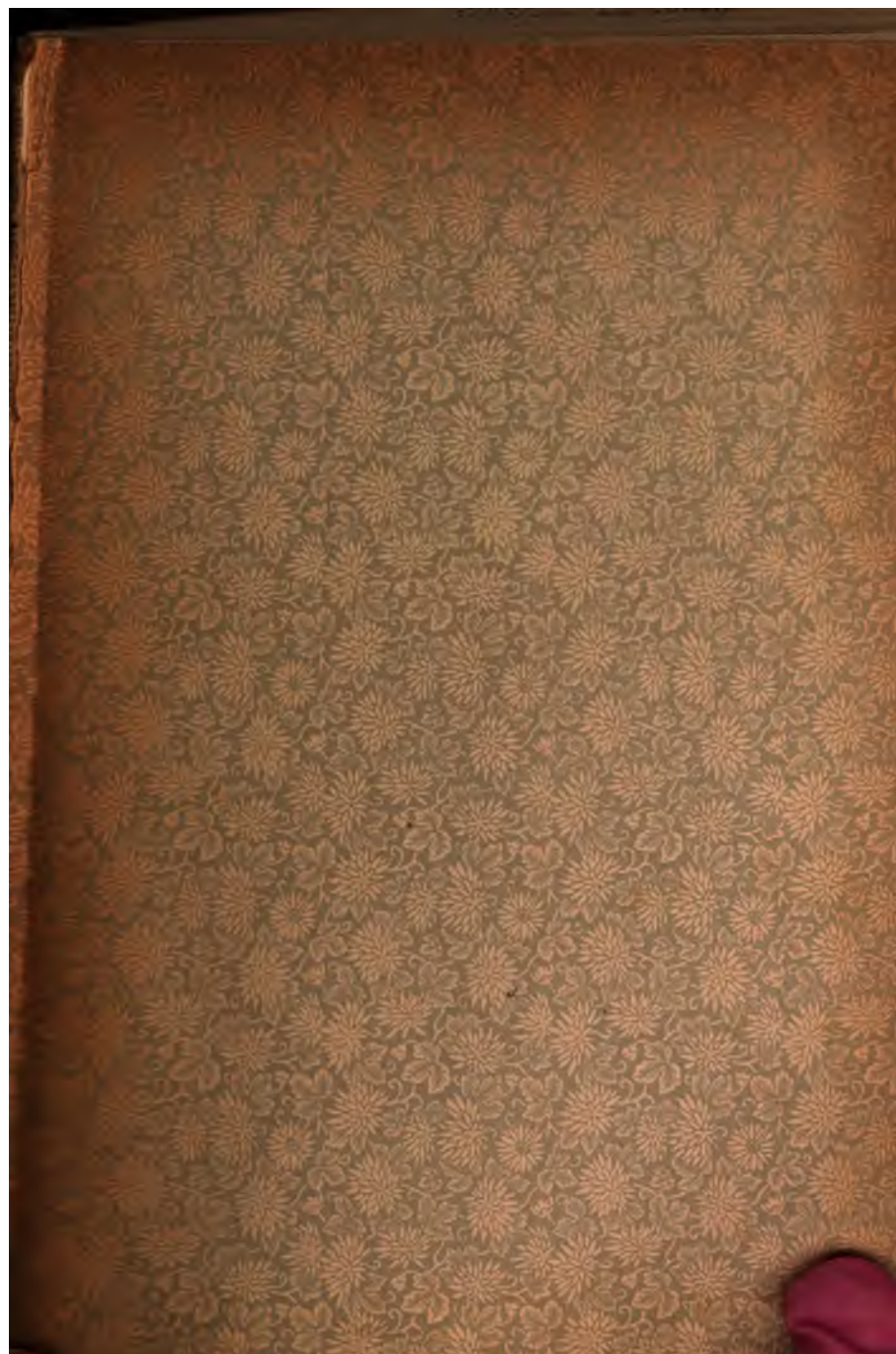
I remember once meeting on the Rewa River a granddaughter of Charlie Savage, a rather pretty octoroon girl, who showed considerable pride in the memory of her buccaneering progenitor. There are, I believe, many descendants of Savage's knocking about the Fijis. Some years ago there were found in the house of a chief in the Namosi Valley several articles of silver-ware that had evidently come from some of the Catholic churches on the Pacific slope of South America. They were known to have been in Savage's possession, and the conjecture was that the ship to which he belonged had been carrying off some loot in one of the war times from the South American coast when she foundered at Nairai.

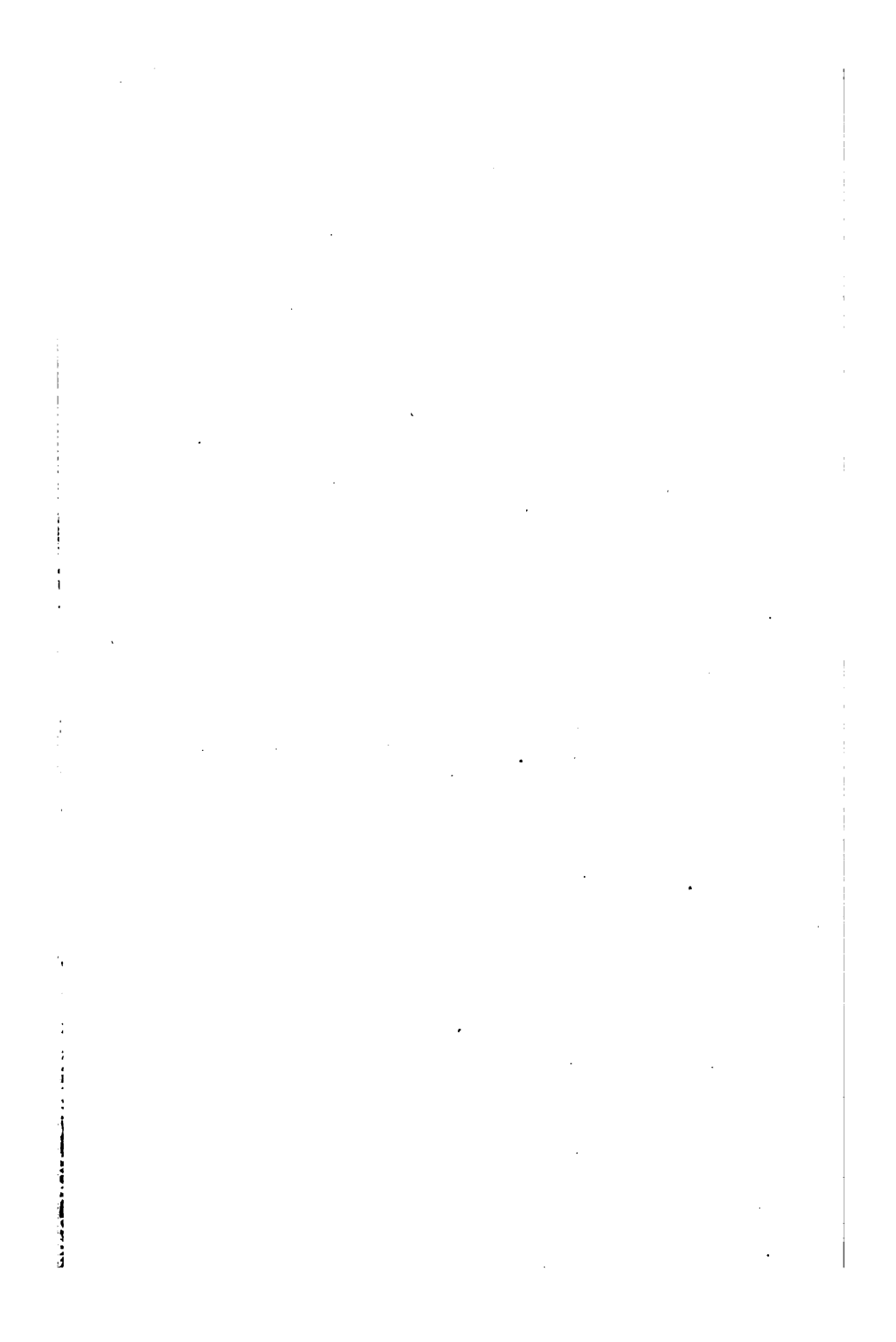
AMONG THE MAORIS

WHAT a surprise that must have been for the Englishman who was one day strolling down Queen Street, Auckland. He espied the well and fashionably dressed figure of a young lady a short distance in front. Her head was concealed from his view by a sunshade of the most gaudy pattern. He became a deeply interested party at once. Young Englishmen out in the colonies for a holiday invariably take a keen interest in our fair sex, more especially when their personal appearance is attractive. And our girls very often possess fathers who own considerable stretches of 'jumbuck' property, which is an additional attraction. ♦

The young fellow pushed ahead till he came on a level with the lady. Imagine his







To Lily from
Mother

STORIES FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

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NOQU TALANOA

STORIES FROM THE SOUTH SEAS

BY

'SUNDOWNER

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

MOST of the stories in this volume have already appeared in substance in *The Weekly Telegraph* and *The Colonies and India*, to whose editors I am indebted for the necessary permission to recapitulate the incidents. I dedicate the book with affectionate remembrances to the thousands of coloured friends with whom I had the pleasure of communing during my wanderings among those earthly paradises known vaguely on this side as the South Pacific Islands. I have enjoyed many a breezy talanoa over the yaqona-bowl with those splendid Polynesians, whose genial and kindly natures have always challenged my warmest admiration and gratitude, and I

have published my story—or Noqu Talanoa—by way of letting the world know what good souls I think them to be. Forgetting their sometime waywardness, I shall always remember their sterling qualities, their large hearts, their lovable natures, and their genial humours. My tongue may cleave to my mouth if ever I cease to sing the praises of those bright and cheerful people, whose kindly comradeship, in danger as in sport, added so much zest and enjoyment to the glorious holiday it was my privilege to spend among the picturesque Pacific archipelagos, 'waiting for sundown.'

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SERUA AND MAAFU

VANUA LEVU has its story of Heloise and Abelard, and a touching story it is in its way. There is a little mound on a picturesque hillock overlooking the waters of Loa Bay, in north-eastern Vanua Levu, wherein lie the bodies of Serua and Maaфу, who loved blindly and were divided in life, and whom death brought together in a strange and tragic way. The love-lorn maidens and buoyant youths in the Buca country make regular pilgrimage to the classic little mound where the unfortunate lovers rest together after their troubled lives, and the legend is told by young and old in the countryside, with that rare eloquence and sympathetic pathos which characterises the Fijians. Serua was the most beautiful woman ever born to these parts,

according to the story. She was the daughter of the Buli of Loa, and was connected with the best families in Buca and Natewa. As she developed into young-womanhood suitors came from far and near, chiefs of high and low degree, Turagas, Bulis, sons of Rokos—and even, it was said, a son of Tui-Cakau had come across the Straits of Somo Somo in one of the royal canoes to pay court to the charming and accomplished daughter of the head of the Loa commune. Serua was high-spirited and particular, it seems, and one and all were refused in turn. At last her fate arrived with the advent of a party of high-toned Tongans, who came to Eastern Fiji on one of their visits to Tui-Cakau's capital at Somo Somo. The waters to the north of Somo Somo Straits, beyond Kioa and along the Buca coast to Koro-I-Vonu and Rambi, are famous for their turtle and shark fishing, and on many occasions the flash young Tongans were brought thither for sport by the young Taviunian chiefs of

Somo Somo. On one of the turtle-hunting trips Maafu happened to visit Loa, where he saw Serua, and the two appear to have fallen in love at first sight, as the saying goes. But Maafu had to go back to Tonga presently with his companions, and he left with the promise that he would return and marry Serua at the next rising of the *balolo*, some six months later. There was no postal or telegraph communication between Fiji and Tonga in those days, so poor Serua spent the interim fretfully enough. Then came the *balolo*, but no sign or word of the young Tongan chief.

Time sped along, and at last came a rumour from Tonga that Maafu had knelt before another goddess, and had abandoned Serua. The young chieftainess took her trouble sadly enough, and it was some time before she could recover anything like her old gaiety. Suitors from all parts of Vanua Levu, Taviuni, Rambai, and even Ovalau still followed the Loa beauty, and at last, in a sort

of despair, Serua consented to marry Ratu Maiko, a big chief from the Macuata coast. The marriage meeting was appointed, fatefully enough, for the next-coming *balolo*, and as the time approached there was great rejoicing and extensive preparations, from Na-Gai-Gai up to Kumbalau, for it was felt that Ratu Maiko, being a Vanua Levuan and well-known in the country, would surely be round from Macuata to claim his bride at the rising of the big *balolo*. The months passed, and there came the rising of the *balolo lai-lai*. All was in readiness for the wedding arrangements on the eve of the big *balolo*, when there arose a sea-storm such as is only known, as a rule, in those regions some months after *balolo* time. As night came on the storm, instead of abating, grew fiercer, and as Ratu Maiko and his friends were on the way from the Macuata coast by way of Udu and Kumbalau Points, a good deal of excitement arose as to how the party of voyagers would fare in the sudden stress of weather. The wind rose, as

did the sea, and, as if to add to the general warring of the elements, a fierce thunder-storm struck across Loa Bay. Through the darkness of the night those on the look-out in Loa could see away across the mouth of the bay in the flashes of lightning which burst upon the place at frequent intervals. At last the anxious watchers in one of the flashes sighted a large royal canoe bearing into the bay, and there was general rejoicing, as the craft seemed able to hold her own in the hurricane. As each succeeding flash, however, showed the canoe bearing inwards, the men began to be alarmed at the way in which she was being driven, for her course appeared to be directed towards a nasty piece of coral reef that stretches out towards Kioa from the Diloï side. Everybody wondered, for the reef was well known to Ratu Maiko, as he must have passed the place hundreds of times. But on the canoe sped, and at last, when one of the lightning flashes showed the position of the vessel to the excited people

of Loa, the canoe was smashing to ribbons on the coral reef, with her sail gone. There was really nothing to do but await the course of events, for no canoe could be launched from Loa in the teeth of the gale then blowing. There was nothing for it but to wait patiently, the men going out and patrolling the beach with torches, with a view to rescuing any of the canoe party who might succeed in struggling inshore. After some hours bodies began to arrive, and one after another was picked up in the weird gloom of the fag-end of the awful night. The women-folk now helped in the search, and naturally enough Serua joined anxiously in the gruesome quest. At last, while body after body was being washed up on the beach, a youth came rushing from a point where he had found a body, to announce that the chief had been washed ashore. Serua, mad with excitement and grief, rushed forward to the spot, and stooping over the body, pulled the chief's tangled hair into something like order,

to find, on looking into the dead face, that she had come upon the body of her old flame, Maafu! Serua threw her arms round the body of her lifeless lover, and remained there. When they went to move her later, she too was dead, and instead of a wedding ceremony on the day of the big *balolo* there was a funeral procession to the little hillock outside the town of Loa. Ratu Maiko reached Loa a few days afterwards, having been detained at Udu by the storm; but whether the ill-fated Maafu had mistaken the year of the *balolo* on which he had made up his mind to marry Serua is not known to the chronicler, and never will be. But it came to be known that he had been steadily true to poor Serua, as she in reality in her heart had been to him. They were divided in life, but were united in death.

LOVE

Love it is, and love alone,
Makes the world go round and round ;
Love is surely to be known
Where a woman's to be found.

THUS says the old song-writer, and as women are to be found amongst the fairy islands of the Pacific, so also is love. 'To make love' is a common expression, but we may search over the wide region of books in vain for a prescription for 'making' it. We make it each in our own way, and it comes natural to us. The profession of love in England is one thing, the profession of love amongst the numerous inhabitants of the Pacific archipelagos is another.

They have a custom in one portion of the New Hebrides which is, to say the least of it, unique. In one of the islands there is

a large broken gully in the mountains—the Americans call them cañons. At one spot this cañon is about eighty yards across, and on one side, situated near the top of the ridge, there is a large ledge of rock. When a young man has made it right with his inamorata he, on an appointed day, betakes himself to the cañon, in company with large numbers of his friends and friends of his *fiancée*. The girl, being a deeply interested party, acts as a kind of missile-holder to her future lord and master. From the opposite side to the rock-ledge his *tavi*, or task, is to throw a stone on to the ledge. If the stone remain upon the rock the ceremony of marriage is completed. If the stone should roll off, as it very often does, the marriage is deferred for *ten moons*, during which period both candidates for matrimony are debarred from entering upon that holy state. I attended one of those marriages a few years ago. The bridegroom was a smart young fellow, and several remarks were dropped by

the bystanders, to the effect 'that if Nepukataneseri (Nebuchadnezzar) couldn't make a stone stick on the ledge, nobody could.' The bride herself complacently smoked my pipe, without any apparent anxiety, while preparations were being made for the ceremony. She had evidently the greatest confidence in her lover's ability to accomplish the task he had before him. He justified the confidence by safely lodging the stone without much effort, and the happy couple were at once congratulated by their friends on their union. We adjourned to the village, and spent the rest of the day round the kava-bowl, where the general conversation, naturally enough, turned upon the experiences of several of those present in their matrimonial efforts. One old fellow, whose hand had never been blessed with any cunning for stone-throwing, had made in his time about a dozen efforts to take unto himself a wife, but had met with indifferent luck upon each occasion, and was consequently still a bache-

lor. The life of a bachelor is not, of course, so hard in the New Hebrides as it is in England. The holiday best of a New Hebridean comprises merely a fathom of light cloth thrown round the loins, and called a 'lava-lava.' He is, therefore, never troubled with that universal obstacle to the British bachelor's happiness, the difficulty of getting his buttons sewn on.

In the Fiji Islands the custom obtains of arranging marriages when the parties are in their infancy. Thus, a bright young Fijian lady often becomes engaged when she is two or three years of age.

The Fijian is only happy when a feast is going on. Upon the slightest possible provocation a feast is organised, and so it happens that the betrothal of a young couple is always made the subject of a festival on a large scale. Scores of pigs are slaughtered and deposited in the *lovos*, or ovens, which, half a century ago, were the receptacles of human bodies on similar occasions. Yams are rooted up

by the ton, and the *koro*, or town in which the feast is held, is kept in a bustle of excitement from sunrise to sunset.

A marriage engagement commenced in this way, and extending over a period of perhaps twelve or fifteen years, very often comes to nothing after all.

Sweethearting, or billing and cooing, amongst the Fijians, is a curious feature in their social customs. It is decidedly *tabu* to do any courting within doors. The gardens or plantations are the spots held sacred to Cupid. And the generally approved trysting-place of lovers is up, high up, amongst the branches of a bread-fruit tree. Many a score times have I, walking round a plantation on a moonlight night, spied couples perched forty feet from the ground in the bread-fruit trees, one on each side of the trunk, a position which comes fairly within the limits of a Fijian maiden's ideas of modesty. The custom is held to have many advantages by those who indulge in it. Foremost and most

important of these is that you can 'see the old man coming' a good way off. I have never heard, however, any calculation made of the chances one would have if the 'old man' proved to be a 'sticker,' and took up his station at the foot of the tree before one could get down. There is one thing—a man 'up a tree' in Fiji, especially a bread-fruit tree, could stand a long siege without starving.

I have never seen, during years of travel in many countries, a race of people of higher moral instincts than the Fijians. A scandal is of rare occurrence. But the Fijian mother is a born matchmaker, and the Fijian maiden is herself a keen prospector after any good thing in the shape of a matrimonial alliance. While I was trading amongst them, and spending money freely with them, I was—so I afterwards learned—notwithstanding an uncomely personal appearance, generally looked upon as a 'good catch.' It may be necessary to mention here that very many

of the white residents of Fiji are married to native wives. The ladies in most cases, of course, are daughters of high chiefs, and have been liberally educated. I was one day entertaining a number of young ladies from the house of a neighbouring chief, who was a native magistrate, and with whom I stood upon close official and intimate terms. One of the girls—a tidy soul—was constantly brushing down the table or sweeping the floor. Some of the others twitted her about it. I broke in with a little banter. ‘Wait till Lavinia and I are married,’ I said, ‘and we shall have a servant to keep the house tidy.’ My horror may be imagined when, a few days later, the girl, in company with her mother, landed at my door with her baggage! She had taken me at my word, and I had some heavy work before me to clear the matter up satisfactorily.

The apathy which is engendered by these long marriage engagements among the Fijians is sometimes followed with amusing results.

A young fellow living in my neighbourhood had been engaged to a girl for about fourteen years. As neither party had been attracted by any more fascinating third person, the long engagement was about to end in a matrimonial alliance. Accordingly a day was fixed for the celebration, and preparations made for the usual festivities. The appointed day came round in due course, and the pig tribe suffered in the usual alarming degree. The bride and her friends were on hand, but the bridegroom was *non est*. The day passed—the festival was partaken of, notwithstanding the non-performance of the ceremony which occasioned it ; but still ‘he came not.’ Next day, however, he appeared, and was considerably surprised to hear of the trouble he had occasioned. He had forgotten all about the wedding business, and had merely gone for a day’s fishing! But he received such a lesson from his mother-in-law that was to be, in good round Fijian (and a fine language it is to abuse a person

with), that he is likely to be more punctual in attending to business connected with her family for the future.

The national beverage in Fiji is the *yaqona*, or *kava*. This is a small tree (*Macropiper methysticum*), the root of which is chewed, and then dissolved in water. After a little straining, to remove the root-dregs, the mixture is fit for drinking. It is an intoxicant, and if the root happens to be old it has a powerful effect. The effect of a *yaqona* 'drunk' is most peculiar. While the head of the subject remains clear enough to discuss the toughest political question, the legs totally refuse to do their accustomed work. A drunken man is often compelled to hold on to the grass for support. The young girls are invariably employed in the work of grog-chewing when a company sits down to drink. But when you see a young woman chewing grog single-handed for a solitary young man, you know that that couple are engaged to be married. It is one of the

best signs that a young woman will make a suitable wife for a youth when she can chew his grog to the proper strength. There are, of course, many differences of taste—some like it ‘over proof,’ and others prefer it ‘under.’

Like the men, the Fijian women comb their hair straight upwards. It stands up stiff like the top of a well-trimmed hedge, and when flowers are to hand, they are profusely planted on top, making the woman to appear as if she carried a miniature flower-garden on the top of her head. A lock of hair on the right temple is preserved, however, for a downward course, and this is carefully plaited and allowed to hang down the side of the cheek. When the girl is married this lock is shorn and never allowed to appear again. Hence the experienced eye can quickly discern the married from the single when a village is entered.

In Samoa when a woman is married several tattoo marks are inflicted upon her. And,

both in Fiji and Samoa, the birth of each child is registered by a tattoo mark on the mother's hand. When you see a woman with her hand covered with these marks you may be sure she has contributed largely to the population of her country. It would have warmed the heart of Bonaparte to see a venerable old lady who lives on Vanua Levu. Her hand is as 'black as sin.' I was bidding her 'Good-bye' one day. '*I veca?*' I asked as I held her hand. '*Rua-saga-vulu ka lima*' (twenty-five), she answered proudly.

In the Society Islands (Tahiti) tattooing is carried on to an amazing extent. Serious crimes are punished by the infliction of a mark upon the forehead, which, of course, it is impossible to conceal or efface. No felon's mark was ever so terrible in its punishing effects as this. The bearer of it is shunned by everyone, the 'brand of Cain' is literally upon his brow, and the only peaceful retreat left to him is the grave.

*A CANNIBAL KING,
CAKO-BAU, HIGH LORD OF FIJI*

EPENESERI, or Ebenezer, Cako-Bau, King of Fiji, Controller of the Sharks, and 'Boss of all the Islands in the World,' was born about a hundred years ago. The exact date is not known, but the traditions are unanimous on the point that the heavens and earth were seriously disturbed and convulsed at the birth of the future prodigy. Gales blew and storms raged. Probably the people had enough to do to look after their houses and canoes, without going to the trouble of fixing a date for the birth of their new Prince.

Tanoa, the father of Cako-Bau, was rather a good King in his way. He was an active man, fond of the chase, of war, and such like manly occupations, while he was, at the same

time, little given to gourmandising. Hence we find that Tanoa only ordered a man to be killed and cooked when he wanted a feed ; he didn't have beef lying about all over the place, going to waste, as did his predecessors and the son who succeeded him.

Tanoa is the name given to the large wooden bowl in which the yaqona, or native grog, is prepared. The old King had such a happy way of absorbing yaqona that he was facetiously called a Tanoa. The name stuck to him, and he eventually ruled under it, and handed it down to posterity as the name of a king who was distinguished from the rest of his dynasty by the mercifulness of his character and the wisdom of his reign. His mercy and wisdom of course grew out of his economical habits, in that he never killed more men than he could use.

When Cako-Bau (evil to Bau) was five years of age he clubbed his first man ! The victim was tied up in the usual way, a club given to the boy, who beat the poor

wretch to death, taking, however, about two hours to complete the task. It will be allowed that this was an early age at which to receive his baptism of massacre.

They had a rule or custom in Fiji that when a king or chief died, his wives (and sometimes he had many) were put to death and buried along with him. When Tanoa died he left five widows, Cako-Bau's mother being amongst them. The young King assumed the reins of power immediately upon the death of his father, and his first act was to carry out the usual festivities in connection with the funeral, and the massacre of the widows. Two white missionaries, with their wives and families, lived on Bau at this time, and they made every effort to induce Cako-Bau to spare the women's lives. They annoyed him very much over the matter. 'Why,' he said, 'if I were to omit the observance of such an important custom the people would be justified in telling me that I was unfit to rule over them.'

The ceremony was carried out accordingly, Cako-Bau leading off the massacre by strangling his own mother.

For many years after his accession to the throne of Bau the career of King Cako-Bau was one long array of cowardly massacre and unjust wars. The whole of the Fijian Archipelago, which consists of about two hundred islands, became subject to him, and he ruled them with a hand of iron. But white people began to gather round him, and the King at last commenced to find that it was necessary for him to exercise more care in the discharge of his royal functions. Many of the leading nations had consuls at Levuka. The American Consul always had the 'stars and stripes' flying over his official residence. A Fijian from the Livoni Valley was in the Levuka one night, and an idea occurred to him that the Yankee colours would make a picturesque and comfortable sulu (a waist-cloth—the one article of a Fijian's wearing apparel). Accordingly, in the morning the

Consul was surprised to find the old flag gone. He went down to Cako-Bau and lodged a formal complaint. The King only laughed at him. The Consul used considerable language of a parliamentary character, and let the matter lie over for a while. Some time afterwards, an American man-of-war entered the port. The Consul made a due representation of matters, with the result that Cako-Bau was carried aboard, and informed that he would not be allowed to return to shore till the flag stealer was produced. Of course the King immediately sent emissaries into the Livoni, and they returned in a few days with the culprit. He was flogged, and he and Cako-Bau were then allowed to depart. The Americans were satisfied, but the King had a bone to pick with the man whose offence had caused His Majesty to be subjected to indignity. The man was slowly tortured to death in the public square at Totoga in Levuka. His arm was first cut off at the elbow, and

thrown into the oven ; in fact, he was dismembered by slow degrees, and the King feasted upon him.

The first thing which began to show some likelihood of interfering seriously with the rule of Cako-Bau in Fiji was the rising power of Maafu, in the Lau, or eastern group. Maafu has been called the ' Lord Byron of Tonga,' which country he had been compelled to leave some years before. He was one of the cleverest native chiefs who ever came to the surface in the Pacific, and his untimely death at Lakeba a few years ago was universally deplored. Maafu was an extensive trader, had amassed a large sum of money, and possessed many ships. Finding from the disturbed state of the country that it was necessary for the proper protection of his business and his property that he should keep a small army, he equipped one, which grew in time to formidable dimensions.

Cako-Bau quarrelled with Maafu at last, and the latter would probably have smashed

the Bau ruler were it not for British intervention and the subsequent annexation of Fiji to this country.

If Maafu had lived, he would have succeeded, upon the death of his uncle, the late King George of Tonga, to the throne of that country.

During the latter portion of Cako-Bau's reign he had the assistance of a white Ministry in his councils. Like administrations in England, the King's Ministers went in and out, but their removal from office was generally the effect of a cause different to that which removes an English Government. One Ministry, I remember, in which a friend of mine held the portfolio of Chancellor of the Exchequer, lost office through having purchased ten cases of gin of inferior quality for His Majesty's use. The old man was not to be humbugged with cheap gin, so he sent for the Leader of the Opposition and charged him with the commission of forming a new Government.

The Administration resolved upon a great coronation ceremony. All the leading chiefs of the group were called together at Levuka to witness the ceremony. A dais was erected, and the crown manufactured. The man who made the crown still lives in Fiji, and he always complains that he was never paid the half-sovereign which he was promised for making the article. On the other hand, it appears that Cako-Bau was not satisfied with the workmanship. The coronation ceremony took place, and late in the day Cako-Bau stuck his penknife into the velvet covering by which the hard material of the crown was concealed. This material he found to consist of part of a kerosene tin, and his disgust was great. The old man flung the crown from him with some very strong and unregal expressions indeed. The Administration which conceived the coronation idea was ignominiously dismissed from office.

When I remember that popular term in

use amongst us, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, I begin to fear that, in speaking roughly of Cako-Bau, I may be making a breach in what has come to be a generally recognised law. But there is some excuse for me in the recollection that the old King himself spoke at times very depreciatingly of the dead. We learn that he constantly interrupted the decorum of a banquet by flinging a piece of bokola (dead man) from him, with an oath about the 'toughness' or the 'saltiness' of the deceased.

What a victory the good Christian missionaries scored when they succeeded in changing this human fiend into the fine character which he exhibited during the latter portion of his life!

Cako-Bau resisted Christianity for many years. He, however, was good enough to allow the missionaries a footing in the country, but no particular respect was paid to them. On Bau, the Fijian capital, white missionaries had been allowed a residence from the

time of Tanoa, the predecessor of Cako-Bau. But the only spot upon which they were allowed to erect a residence was upon the rubbish heap in the centre of the town. Here two of them lived for many years, with their wives and families, witnesses very often of the cannibal feasts for which Bau was notorious.

The good King George of Tonga was the man who eventually succeeded in prevailing upon Cako-Bau to embrace Christianity

The old man certainly could never be blamed for doing things by halves. From a cut-throat and cannibal of advanced ideas, he turned right round to a God-fearing, humane Christian. He abandoned polygamy, as well as the 'bokola' trade, and put forth his influence amongst the different tribes in the group in the assistance of the missionaries.

Towards his latter days he also adopted the more civilised custom of wearing shirts

and trousers regularly, although they 'scratched' him a good deal at first. When the King visited Sydney, in 1874, he was the guest of Sir Hercules Robinson, the then Governor of New South Wales. His Majesty interviewed a George Street tailor, who promptly turned him out in a neat-fitting dress suit. Immediately after his first dinner at Government House the old man retired, and was not seen again for some hours. He was subsequently unearthed in the kitchen. The dress suit had been abandoned, and the conventional Fijian sulu substituted for it. The potentate had extemporised the sulu from a table-cloth, and had comfortably set himself out for a smoke in the kitchen. He wore that damask sulu for a long time after, its great advantage over the dress suit being that it 'didn't scratch!'

CANNIBALISM

LANDING once upon the coast of Malayta, one of the Solomon Islands, the first sight which riveted my attention was the body of a little girl lying under a cocoa-nut tree, with a spear stuck partly through its head. A crowd of natives stood near, engaged apparently in some festal business, but nobody appeared to heed the child. It was yet alive, and its cries for 'mother' and for a 'drink of water' made an impression upon me which is with me yet. I instinctively drew my revolver. A man is sometimes prompted to attempt foolish things in emergencies of such a nature as this.

I happened to be known to some of the people present. A young Christoval chief approached me and told me in a friendly way

to put the 'shooter' away. I managed afterwards, however, with his assistance, to save the poor child from the oven, for a time, at least.

Any inclination I had for saving victims was useless in the next case which came before me, further up the village. The candidate for *pièce de résistance* honours here was a full-grown warrior, who had, I learnt upon inquiry, been trying the 'John Hampden' business, and had encountered some bad luck in the venture. He was as dead as the proverbial door nail, and was tied up and properly hamstrung, awaiting the preparation of the *lovo*, or oven, which was to receive him. I hope the English reader will not be too much horrified when I mention that I was subsequently invited to partake of the refreshments at the banquet which followed. I hope it will also be needless to mention that the offer was refused. But for the offence of saying these horrible things, I may be allowed to congratulate English people

upon the fact that such scenes may now be reckoned amongst the things that were, and to go a little further in stating the universally acknowledged fact that the English people are solely responsible for their discontinuance.

It is but a few years, comparatively speaking, since the English missionary hoisted his glorious flag in the Pacific, but to say that the traveller to the Islands to-day is astonished when he views and realises the work which has been accomplished, is not saying enough—he is amazed. The American Consul at Levuka, a few years ago (he has since been compelled to make way for the *protégé* of a friend of President Cleveland's) had a curious relic in his office with which to edify his visitors. This consisted of the fork of a vesi tree, in which were embedded about a hundred shin-bones, arm-bones, jaw-bones, and other fragments of the human frame. The tree from which the fork had been taken stood underneath a rock-ledge or precipice in

the Livoni Mountains, on top of which was situated a favourite feasting ground. These bones were merely a few of those which had been thrown over from time to time, and had happened to catch in the fork of the tree. I remember saying to the Consul once : ' There must have been a considerable pile of bones around the foot of the tree where this came from ? ' ' Aye,' said the Consul, ' you kin bet there just was—*con*-siderable ! '

The Maoris of New Zealand were at one time cannibals of no mean order. The hot springs and lakes in different parts of the North Island were, from an early date, much valued by the Maoris for their curative properties. They were the subject of many a dispute and many a war between the different tribes. On the conclusion of a battle in the neighbourhood of one of these boiling springs the prisoners of war were thrown by the victors into the natural boiling cauldrons, and subsequently eaten. A rule existed amongst

some of the tribes which allowed every warrior to use his own victims himself. His wife and children, even his mother-in-law, were not allowed to partake of the repast.

There is one chief of the Arawa tribe—the Arawas dwelt in the Hot Lake district, the scene of the recent volcanic disturbances—who is mentioned a good deal in Maori history. Space will not allow me to give his name. But the meaning of one of his titles was—‘Eater of his own relations!’ He appears to have been a kind of Home Ruler, and made a considerable mark in the history of his time. In curious contrast to this chief, however, was a warrior of the same tribe, a contemporary of his, who, though a valiant fighter and a slayer of many scores of people, possessed a strange disinclination for ‘tangata,’ or man, when dished up. This eccentricity on his part lost him prestige, and he failed to advance himself much politically; the only circumstance which warrants the retention of his name in history being his

unaccountable aversion to the favourite national meat of his country.

'Tangata' is the Maori pronunciation of the Fijian word 'tamata,' which is the synonym for our word 'man.' A dead man, however, is called by the Fijians a 'bokola,' but this did not prevent a wag in Suva from passing the remark once that the Fijians were very fond of *tamatas*. Through the prevalence of cannibalism in New Zealand in the old days, and the custom of preserving the heads of the victims, a great trade in skulls arose with the advent of the first white settlers. The trade remained brisk for some years, but the custom of cannibalising died out, and heads eventually became scarce. We learn in one of the published histories of New Zealand of a trader who had been applied to for some skulls replying, 'Eds is 'eds now, sir ; 'eds is wery scarce, sir, I can assure you.'

The decadence of the custom did not,

however, prevent the Australian colonies from being inundated with Maori skulls. When I was a young fellow I remember taking part in an amateur representation of Hamlet. We purchased a Maori skull from an old store-keeper in the town for a shilling to represent poor Yorick's. It tickled us a good deal at the time to see the skull of a wild Maori doing duty for the jester's, but we have lived and learned since. Not so very long ago I saw the head of a notorious murdering bush-ranger apostrophised by the Prince of Denmark, 'Alas, poor Yorick ! I knew him once.' One of the most notorious cases of the consumption of a white man by cannibals was that of the Rev. Mr. Baker, a missionary in Fiji. Mr. Baker performed some noble pioneering work in that country, and in 1868 he started upon an expedition, in company with some native Christians, into the mountains of Viti Levu. Taking a kind of passport from the ruling chief in the Rewa River district, Mr. Baker travelled a considerable

distance up the Rewa, and struck into the Namosi Valley. He entered a village at last, outside the borders of the Christian district at the time. He was, with his companions, most hospitably entertained by the villagers during the night, and on the following morning he took his departure, little dreaming of any treachery. As a matter of fact, however, the chief, who had arranged for his protection along the road, had turned traitor, and sent word along after him to the Namosi people not to let him proceed. They construed the message into a mandate for the 'removal' of the missionary in the orthodox way, with the club.

Mr. Baker and his people were proceeding along a track or 'wakolo,' accompanied by some of the villagers, one of whom walked immediately in front of him. This man suddenly stepped aside from the path, allowing Baker to pass him. As the missionary passed the native struck him on the head with his club, and that part of the ceremony was con-

cluded. Another ceremony followed, when the body was cooked and eaten.

Many of the people who had a hand in this affair are alive yet, and, of course, well known. They invariably, however, deny having partaken of the 'bokola-na-papalagi.' On the top waters of the Rewa I once encountered an old scoundrel who took a leading part in the affair. I was in the company of a gentleman who has lived for many years in the group, and who has had a large experience amongst the natives. We questioned the old fellow about his connection with Baker's affair. He denied any complicity in it. Later on, over a tanoa of yaqona, my friend said to him, 'I have heard that the *bokola ko Misi Peka* (Mr. Baker's body) was very salt to the taste; not like a *bokola na Vaka Viti* (Fijian body)?' 'Don't you believe it,' said the old man unguardedly; 'there wasn't a bit of difference.'

Did the reader ever hear the story of 'Cook's club'? A visitor once went to Bar-

num's celebrated show in New York. He was looking about a good deal, evidently in search of some relic. An attendant asked him at last if there was anything which he was anxious to find. Yes, there was, he said. He wanted to gaze upon the club that killed Captain Cook! The attendant had never heard of it himself, but he sought the 'boss,' the great showman himself, and mentioned the matter to him. Barnum also, strangely enough, had never heard of it, but he was not going to allow anyone to leave Barnum's show without being able to see any relic that could be mentioned. A club was taken privily from a case, and a ticket, 'Cook's club,' hastily pasted upon it. The visitor was then invited to come and see it. 'Ah,' he said, when he looked upon it, 'I thought you would be sure to have it here. I have been in all the other small shows in town, and they have got it, so I sorter reckoned that Barnum's would not be without it.'

It is necessary to have heard about Cook's club to understand the phenomenal relic which is popularly treasured in Fiji. 'Baker's fork' they call it. This is the fork with which the body of poor Mr. Baker was eaten. I have myself seen about two hundred and fifty, and of course there are many hundreds which I have not seen. Everybody has it. The traveller to Fiji is invariably sold the real 'Baker's fork.' I bought one myself once for half a dollar, but the burst of laughter which greeted me when I produced it at my hotel in Levuka made me ponder, and I was glad soon to abandon the treasure. I had, however, a consoling friend in the hotel-keeper, who observed that it 'was two bob clean throw'd away!'

*TALANOA NA YAQONA.*¹

THERE is one thing which forcibly strikes the traveller among the different peoples who inhabit the earth, and that is the undeniable propensity of the human race generally for indulgence in some kind of intoxicating liquor. The national beverage in this part of the world appears to be beer, or ‘Ye fine olde nutt browne ale,’ whilst the Continental peoples have of late years to a great extent dropped the ‘bier’ for the less harmful *vino* of Southern Europe. In different parts of Asia *arak* and *samsu* hold first place in the hearts of the drinking people; whilst in Africa many decoctions from the popular

¹ The freest English synonym for *talanoa* is *a tale*; *yaqona* is Fijian for *grog*. ‘Talanoa na yaqona’ is the title given to the much-honoured custom of indulging in a conversation round the grog-bowl.

coco-nut and from mealie grain are used for 'stealing away the brains' of the people.

In the South Sea Islands the most generally approved drink is the yaqona, or kava. In some groups, however, the *Macropiper methysticum*, or yaqona root, is not indigenous, and a toddy is made from the coco-nut. This toddy, or tekereri, as it is called by the Line islanders—the people who enjoy a monopoly of its use—is much used by European residents in the Islands, who call it South Sea champagne. The method of procuring it from the coco-nut tree is simple. The native climbs a tree upon which the young nuts are beginning to make their appearance. The nuts are scraped off, and the young branch which held them is 'docked' with a knife and inserted in a bottle. The bottle is tied on and left to hang. In about twelve hours it is full of the future tekereri, when it is removed and another put in its place. The toddy is then allowed to stand for another twelve hours

or so, by which time it is fermented, and is fit for use. When allowed to stand for two or three days tekereri is a violent intoxicant, but when taken in the ordinary way, about twelve hours after abstraction from the tree, its exhilarating qualities are about on a par with ordinary Australian or European wine.

The Line islander, of whom there are a large number on the plantations in Fiji, is a firm believer in his tekereri. Every man on a plantation has to be allowed his own tree. The unrestricted use of the toddy very often, of course, leads to serious trouble, as these people are naturally very ferocious in their habits. Many horrible murders which have occurred in Fiji during late years are directly attributable to the tekereri spree.

The drink for the gods, however, in the Pacific Islands, is yaqona. What the good Rhine wine is to the German baron, so is the flowing bowl of yaqona to the South Sea chief. The effect of a few bowls of yaqona is very soothing. It produces a feeling

somewhat akin to that pictured by the Arizona cow-boy who was once treated to a blow-out of Mononghela whisky. 'Arter the *vi*-ands wur got through,' he said, 'the liquors wur brought in. An' wot liquors they wuz, too! They warn't none o' thet kind ez made yer feel like hittin' yer mother, an' flyin' round an' smashin' things ginirally; they wuz just thet kind as made yer feel like histin' up yer glars sorter genteel-like, an' sayin', "Joe, ole pard, I'm lookin' at yer."'

I shall never forget that feeling of happy contentment which pervades the senses when we have thrown ourselves upon the mats round the *tanoa*, or grog-bowl, after partaking of the solid portion of a chief's hospitality.

The matter of form command of a chief is invariably given out after dinner, when all hands are expected to come round the *tanoa* and join in the *talanoa na yaqona*. The conversational powers of the average Fijian are of no mean order. And what is generally said of the Maori may often with equal truth

be said of the Fijian—he is a born orator. The reader can imagine the keenness of the interest felt by the average new chum as he listens to the graphic description of a cannibalistic orgie, in which, perchance, the narrator has taken a leading and important part. When I was on Vanua Levu I was one evening the guest of old Tui Kama (King Kama), the ruler of the Buca district. The Tui was telling us of a war in which he had taken part in Buca some years previously. ‘Those ovens near my door were full of men for several days,’ said the old chief, ‘and that grey-headed old fellow over there’—pointing to a benevolent-looking individual who was just in the act of drinking a bowl of yaqona—‘that old fellow partook of portions of nine different men during the solevu (feast) which followed the war.’ The old fellow alluded to hastily stopped in the middle of his drink (it may be mentioned that in a general way the Fijian only stops between the start and finish of a bowl of grog when he is interrupted by

an earthquake) to correct his chief. 'Segai,' he said, 'Koi au sa mamau *tinie-ka-dua* na bokola.' ('Nay, I ate of *eleven* bodies on that occasion!') The Tui promptly apologised. There is a good deal of the courtier about a Fijian chieftain.

In Fiji the yaqona is prepared by the chewing process. Some white people, however, who are unable to use the chewed article, have it grated, but the devotee will as soon drink water as the grated grog. Grating does not bring the flavour or the essence out properly. But the white drinking population of Fiji were much troubled recently by some inquiries made by Sir William MacGregor, when he was Chief Medical Officer of the group, into the grog-chewing business. The doctor took three ounces of the ordinary yaqona root. This was given to a young woman, who chewed it in the usual way. After the chewing process was completed the result was weighed. The three ounces had developed into eight—a palpable gain of five

ounces. The question of the composition of this surplus five ounces of 'grog' was invariably allowed to stand over till next sitting.

A Fijian is properly equipped for the road when he has a few leaves of tobacco stuck behind his ear—as a store clerk carries his pen—and a root of grog in his hand. If he meets an acquaintance, or a stranger for that matter, a leaf of the fragrant weed is exchanged, and an adjournment made for liquid refreshment. He will scarcely ever, or, in fact, never, meet a countryman who is not prepared to join him in a drink.

On Savage Island, where the root is not found, but where the rites of hospitality are as highly respected as they are in the Western Archipelagos, the man who is desirous of 'standing treat' invites his friend to join him in a pig. A pig, or *vuaka* as he is called in the South Seas—evidently the native rendition of the word *porker*—requires to be an old pig if two ordinary natives can't finish him. Hence a Savage Islander is often heard

to say, in refusing a proffered drink, or rather pig, 'You must really excuse me this time, for I have already had about seven vuakas this morning, and begin to feel full up.'

There is a wide difference between going on a spree on pig and indulging heavily in yaqona. There is one point of affinity, however—the over-indulgence in either luxury is productive of a certain amount of discomfort. If you have ever seen an injudicious and misguided young puppy dog who has just emerged from an encounter with a well-filled dish of milk, the remembrance of it will assist you in framing a mental picture of a Savage Islander who has just arrived home drunk!

A drunken man is often said 'to have the devil in him.' If the devils or evil spirits had not been driven from the swine in years gone by, I wonder how many devils the satiated Savage Islander would have in him!

Talking of Savage Island reminds me for a moment of a visit I paid to it some years

since. The jolly old skipper in whose company I was brought a case of gin ashore to treat the King. The liquor was consumed by an early hour in the evening ; and, the old King having retired, we accepted an offer from one of his numerous young-blood relations to have a cruise round the town. My friend the skipper, being an ordinary kind of seafaring man, was unlike most of the skippers we read about in books, and had partaken freely of the gin while it lasted. In true sailor fashion he succeeded in getting both of us into trouble. We were detained ashore all night on parole. The following morning a sort of judicial inquiry was solemnly held into our conduct. The King himself tried the cause, dressed in a volunteer's pants with red stripes down the sides, a dress coat with one of the tails torn off, and a tall white hat. Shoes and shirt were alike wanting. His Majesty, after long consideration, decided to inflict a fine upon the captain. We asked how much ? This delayed the proceedings

THE 'GODS' IN FIJI

HAS there ever been a people who have been without a god ? There is a want—a craving—in the human breast generally for the protection and comfort of something beyond the stars. It has often occurred to me that the fear of death may account in a great measure for this human phenomenon. Where Christianity has not reached people you will invariably find a god of some sort to whom they look. They have some imposing gods in Africa and Asia. The followers of Mahomet, of Brahmin, of Confucius are legion. They have big gods in these parts, but not many of them.

In the South Seas, however, the gods are generally of a much smaller order and much less influential. It has a sadly depreciating

influence on the god business when the Pacific believer can see, almost any day he likes, a British heathen enter a 'relic' shop in Sydney or Melbourne and purchase a South Sea Island god, right out, for a few shillings.

The god is very often made of wood, and in islands where hard wood is scarce they do not devote much wood to his manufacture. In some parts of the Solomons he is cut out to very small lengths indeed, and in many cases the workmanship is of a poor order. I gave a hard-up Solomon Islander half a dollar once for a god who had done considerable service in his time. He had given the people rain when they wanted it, and had been very obliging in many respects. They had on some occasions asked him to do tough jobs, which he failed to carry out, but this was generally attributed to the wicked character of the persons who had preferred the prayerful requests. Accordingly he had maintained his popularity for a considerable time,

and in fact would have been ruling yet were it not for the advent of Christianity. The missionaries settled him, and after the lapse of time he fell into my hands. He is very ugly, and I may say candidly that I have no faith in him as a god. The man who manufactured him in the Solomons died, so I heard upon inquiry, a natural death. If I had been a god, with the powers that he had, the man who made me should have died a most sudden and awful death. But he would be of little use in England, seeing that he was more in the line of a 'rain god' than anything else. The kind of god I should like to bring to England would be an anti-rain god. If he were *sound* what a business we could do!

In Fiji I encountered a strong illustration of the powerful effect of cradle teaching upon the mind. We remember what our mothers have taught us.

The tribes of the district in which I lived at the time had a god who lived underground.

He was a tremendous size, and everything around him was proportionately big. His day was about 500 years long, and the night a similar length. For the past two or three hundred years he had been in bed, having his ordinary night's rest. He was a good god, of course, who went to bed at sunset, and didn't go fooling round taverns for 250 years or so, spending the best part of his night drinking yaqona and discussing local politics. He did very little for his people, as far as they could remember; but then, how can you expect a god to attend to business when he is in bed? I know I should be sorry to wake him to listen to my prayers.

He has been very restless of late years, turning about a good deal in bed. Every one of these turns produces a shock of earthquake upon the top. I have had the honour of being disturbed and alarmed by two of these turns. Many of the old people, of course, believe in this god still. They hope he

won't get up early in the morning, for when he stands up Fiji is likely to go up too. He is not going to allow Fiji to be overrun with white people, and a Christian god rammed down the throats of his people when he can prevent it by bursting up the whole concern. Did not a Maori god of Tongariro go along the underground track a few years ago and blow the pink and white terraces of Rotomahana all to smash, because the conduct of his people in holding communion with the white man had seriously annoyed him? But to revert for a moment to the influence of cradle teaching. I had an old Fijian in my employ once who had been *lotu*, or Christian, for many years. The missionaries had converted him from a worshipper of the underground god into a zealous worshipping Christian. He took very ill, and he was about to die. I spoke to him one evening about his prospects, and suggested that I would send over for the missionary for him on the following morning. He declined the

offer in the most emphatic way. He had been thinking the matter over, he said, since he had been taken ill, and had come to the conclusion that the white man's God was only humbug after all. White men had only gone to Fiji to make money—not to save the souls of the heathen. And, besides, he had never seen or heard anything of the Christian God. But his old god, about whom his mother had told him often, testified to his presence by these shocks of earthquake. 'He doesn't do much for us,' the old man continued, 'but he lets us know he's about.' I tried in vain to make him receive the missionary, but he was obdurate, and died without him. And before he died he called his people about him, and troubled them a good deal with warnings to abandon the Christian God. The missionary had some work for a while after repairing the damage.

In the Straits of Somo Somo, between Vanua Levu and Taviuni, dwells the great water god of northern Fiji, *Daka-waga* (keel

of a canoe). Daka-waqa is a shark of tremendous size, who is thus called because when seen in the water his appearance resembled that of an overturned canoe. He has one residence underneath the island of Benau, opposite Vuna Point, and another in a cave up the Buca River, about twenty miles further up the coast of Vanua Levu, a sort of Windsor and Balmoral, as it were. There is a large native graveyard on Benau, where many thousands of people have been buried at different times. The old custom was to drive a great stake into the grave a few days after a burial. This gave the devil a chance to depart from the body, and so leave it clear and in a fit state to be adopted by Daka-waqa. Sometimes an old sinner died, and it was a difficult task for the medicine man to get the devil out of him. In a tough case of this kind, when the devil happened to prove obdurate, the matter was generally referred to Daka-waqa himself, who, upon the receipt of a small fee, in the shape

of a baby, thrown into the sea where he could get it, promptly settled the business by driving that particular devil away to the farthest ends of the earth. Benau was *tabu* against him for ever. His body-snatching games in that district were at an end. I once had a long talk with an old believer in Daka-waqa. The god's superiority to the Christian God commended itself to the old man from the circumstance that he did not allow any devil to get the better of him. The Christian God was altogether too mild a character. The old fellow couldn't realise how a God of His reputed power could allow a devil to set up a business in opposition to Him, and do more work in one year in the collection of souls than God Himself appeared to do in a thousand! Some years ago, when I lived in the Straits of Somo Somo, the appearance of Daka-waqa in the Buca River one day caused great consternation amongst the people. I, in my ordinary heathenish way, determined to force an interview with

him if possible. I had some Solomon Islanders with me who were as much heathen as myself as far as Daka-waqa was concerned. We blocked the bar on the mouth of the river with bamboos, and gave chase up the river in a *takia*, or small canoe. We were not long in finding him, but the Solomons were afraid to take to the water after him. He was far and away the biggest *gio* (shark) they had ever encountered. Accordingly I had to satisfy myself with sending an occasional bullet after him when we managed to cross him. I must have hit him hard at last, for he made down stream at a terrific rate, and managed to break away through our bamboo fence before we could reach him. That was the last occasion in recent years in which the Daka-waqa has been seen. After my sacrilegious treatment of him he will probably be as anxious to rid the country of white men as his godly brother the underground divinity. The god of the leeward coast of Viti Levu (Big Fiji) is called

Na Droga (the Growler). He only came amongst the people upon one occasion, many years ago. He was in appearance like an ordinary white man, and he spoke in a language somewhat similar to that most in use amongst rough English sailor men. When a sailor is annoyed and commences to use some of those popular seafaring phrases which generally come under the heading of 'stormy language,' the natives say that he is talking like *Na Droga*. The missionaries have done the cause of *Na Droga* considerable harm by suggesting that he was no god at all, but more probably a shipwrecked sailor!

Dengei, the great serpent god, had his location in the neighbourhood of the *Tai-Levu* and *Bau* coasts. He was a sea-god, but he occasionally condescended to come ashore for a short spell, generally to have a 'yaqona drink' with the medicine man, and to express his admiration of the doctor's house and its furniture. On occasions, therefore, when *Dengei* proposed to pay one of

the plan which they adopted or by killing him outright.

The mutiny of the 'Bounty' took place in the year 1789. Bligh had made matters so uncomfortable for his crew that they at last resolved to rid themselves of him. Accordingly, after some parleying and desultory fighting between the Captain's party—which consisted of Bligh and a small portion of the crew who stood by him—and the mutineers, Bligh and his companions were placed in a boat, supplied with provisions, and set adrift upon the open sea. From the south-eastern Pacific, somewhere between Pitcairn Island and the Society's, the Captain with his little party of faithful comrades pushed on across the wide expanse of ocean, amongst the numerous fairy archipelagos, till they eventually landed in the neighbourhood of Java, in the East Indies. They were, of course, many months on the voyage, and it was many months more before they succeeded in reaching England.

In the meantime the mutineers started off upon a voyage of discovery on their own account. They touched at many places, but eventually made up their minds for a sojourn at Tahiti. Here they were hospitably treated by the natives, who, it will be remembered, earned the title of the Society Islands for their group through their sociable and agreeable characteristics. The ladies especially made themselves agreeable to the mutineers, who eventually selected Tahitian wives for themselves. Tahiti, or the Society's, has been justly called 'the Paradise of the Pacific.' The main island—Tahiti—is indeed lovely to look upon. Its fertility and verdure are not to be surpassed, even in the ocean of pearls. Although it is just a hundred years since the 'Bounty' people were here, many relics of their residence in the group yet remain. But they stayed but a few years. Disturbances and disagreements having arisen among themselves, and also between them and the Tahitians, they

resolved upon seeking fresh fields and pastures new. A few of the malcontents of their number were left behind, while the remainder again started out upon the ocean. This time they hit upon Pitcairn Island as a landing place, and they resolved so firmly to make this their permanent home that they destroyed the vessel in which they came.

In the meantime Captain Bligh had reached England and reported the mutiny to the authorities. Action was immediately taken, as Bligh of course only represented his side of the tale, and the whole country universally sympathised with him. The 'Pandora' was sent out to the Pacific to investigate the matter, and she returned to England a few years afterwards with a lot of the mutineers aboard. They were tried, and three of them hung up to the yard-arm for their complicity in the affair. The balance of these people, who had been left in the Pacific, clung together on Pitcairn Island, and developed in time into a considerable

settlement. John Adams, one of the originals, died in the year 1829 at the age of fifty-six years. Adams had grown to be a kind of father to the people, who profited greatly by his teaching and example. He had retained his Bible amongst his effects, and had thus been enabled to keep Christianity alive in his flock. The mutineers, or rather their descendants, were eventually, in the year 1857, removed from Pitcairn Island to Norfolk Island. Norfolk Island will be remembered as one of the last of our English convict settlements in that part of the world. It became notorious through the severity and cruelty which characterised the treatment of the unfortunate convicts who were transported there many years ago. The late Marcus Clarke the Australian novelist, has given, in his well-known work, 'His Natural Life,' a graphic and terrible description of the horrors of Norfolk Island in the convict days. One looks upon the island now and forgets the

horrible in the contemplation of the lovely spot. Norfolk Island stands a thousand miles to the eastward of Sydney, about midway, and in a line, between New Zealand and New Caledonia. It consists of a series of hills, crowned with magnificent groves of gigantic pine, graceful palmetto, guava, lemon, and fern trees. Yellow cornfields wave by the side of gardens in which grow the delicate cinnamon tree, the tea and coffee shrubs, the sugar-cane, the banana, and luxuriant vines.

The old barrack walls and stockades near the landing place are the only things which now remain to remind the traveller of the gruesome old times. The settlers upon the island now are under the care of the Rev. Mr. Nobbs, a gentleman who has a great deal to be proud of in the results which have followed from his noble work amongst them. Hard work, instruction, and amusement are all equally attended to, and one is forcibly struck with the advanced results which have

been attained in each of these departments. The island may be said to be one extensive and rich plantation. The scholarly attainments of the mass of the people reflect the highest credit upon the teachers. The avidity with which the younger section of the population follow up the ordinary national British sports is not to be surpassed by the proverbial keenness of the Australians in this respect. Tennis-courts abound. A team of cricketers is always ready to meet and defeat any visitors in that popular sport. A match is often played with visiting missionary teams from other islands and New Zealand, and, if my memory serves me rightly, the Norfolk Islanders have up to now an unbeaten record.

For some years after the mutiny of the 'Bounty' the sympathy created by the hardships endured by Captain Bligh on his return voyage to England brought him into general favour, and little or no suspicion was directed towards him as a possible cause of the

trouble. It was after his appointment to the Governorship of New South Wales, or Botany Bay, as it was then called, that the real character of the man made itself apparent. He exercised the most arbitrary and unjust conduct in the discharge of his duties as Governor, and soon had the people of Sydney bordering upon a state of revolution. In fact, what was at one time called a serious rebellion did break out, headed by the well-known Captain Johnstone, of Annandale, a member of the governing Council in Sydney at the time. Captain Johnstone called out a large section of the military, who were prepared to follow him, and they blockaded the Governor in Government House. Bligh became greatly terrified at the turn which things had taken, and when Johnstone eventually forced an entrance into Government House they found His Excellency ignominiously concealed beneath the bed in his bedroom. He was placed under arrest by Captain Johnstone, who assumed for a

time, with the consent of the majority of the Council and the people of Sydney, the direction of the affairs of the Colony. Communications were made to the home authorities, and the Governor's conduct fully reported, with the result that the 'rebels' were held justified in their conduct, and Bligh was removed from his position. Captain Johnstone, the hero of the rebellion, lived in Sydney to a venerable old age, having only died a few years since. He was a popular 'old identity' figure in the streets of Sydney, and died universally lamented. Bligh was one of the few unpopular Governors who have been sent to Australia. He was the only really bad ruler the New South Wales people have had.

The descendants of the 'Bounty' mutineers are a handsome people. There are probably no prettier women in the world than the women of Tahiti, and the Norfolk Islanders owe much of the grace of their complexion

to their foremothers. Some of the names they adopt are quaint. Thursday October Christian, a son of Christian—one of the mutineers—was one of their leading characters. He has a large number of descendants on the island, and the consequence is that there are a goodly number of Thursdays and Octobers knocking about. A handsome quadroon-looking youth called Oc'—an abbreviation of October—was the demon bowler of the young colony when I visited the island.

NA LAIRO

I HAVE seen in many of the fish shop windows in London a large kind of sea-crab which, dead, has reminded me in many respects of a dead lairo. I should like, however, to see him in his live state, to see if he conducts himself in the same manner as my affectionate acquaintance, the lairo of Fiji. I say my affectionate acquaintance, and I use the adjective advisedly. For who that has had any experience of the lairo will deny him an extraordinary proclivity for clinging to the human form divine? You can't make much out of the expression of his features, and some pessimists will say that he clings with felonious intent, but I can never feel justified in imputing vicious motives to a fellow-member of the natural world when I am not

successfully embraced I dare say there are twenty or more occasions upon which I have persistently declined the friendly overtures made to me. I was once travelling along the coast of Goro, the large and fertile island in the centre of the Fiji group. Coming to a friend's house, I walked in at the open door, to find no one at home. The rule in Fiji in such a case is to help yourself to anything you want. I saw a sugar-bag in a corner, half full of something, probably yaqona root, as it is generally kept in such bags. I sent my servant for a bucket of water, while I strode across the room and picked up the bag, with a view of extracting a handful of grog. But what powerful grog I found it to be! What a strength it had! Two pieces of it seemed to come together suddenly and grip my finger through the bag with the grip of a vice. When my boy returned he found me dancing a most extraordinary kind of meké-meké on my own account, with the bag suspended to my finger. For the error of

one of their number, however, that small community of lairos suffered. They might have lived till dinner time in the planter's house had it not been for the misplaced affection of the erring one who caught hold of my finger.

Scientifically, I am unable, through my want of knowledge, to say much about the lairo. I believe, however, that he belongs to the order reptilia, and I know that in his general habits he is amphibious. In size, his usual average would be about as big as a Fijian's head, and he is about as hard on the outside. In fact, I think that if you started firing alternate revolver shots at a Fijian's head and a lairo, you would waste about the same amount of lead upon each before you succeeded in driving a hole in. When the lairo is living ashore he digs holes in the ground for his habitation, which he seems to take a pride in furnishing upon the latest improved principles. If you leave your boots outside the door at night, and a

lairo comes along, he doesn't stop to inquire whether you may have any further use for them. He assumes that you have done with them, or you wouldn't leave them outside, in a lairo country, without a small chain or strong cord fastening them to the fence or wall. He takes them down his hole straight-way. They may not be much use to him—in fact, he couldn't get them on if he tried, but they help to fill up ; and, besides, they are, generally speaking, imported goods. The lairo thinks as much of imported goods as does an Australian native.

I went to the trouble of digging out an old man lairo once. I wanted to have an interview with him. I was prepared for a stormy interview ; in fact, made up my mind that that was the kind of interview which I must have with him. I didn't want any civility, any hand-shaking, or softness of that sort. I desired to see him more particularly with reference to a penknife, a hair brush, and several other articles which had dis-

appeared from the verandah one night. These articles all came to the surface by degrees as we excavated. We were also surprised to find many other articles which had not been particularly missed—old boots, spoons, crockery ware, &c. The old man had made a good all-round collection. When we eventually got the proprietor of the show to the surface a fierce battle commenced between him and my boy Tiemi (Jimmy). Tiemi thirsted for blood, and I was unable to save the lairo from a violent death. I should like to have saved him, too ; but I think if he remained on the place Tiemi would have in any case assassinated him, or left my service. The latter would have been a painful alternative to both of us. Tiemi hails from Mallicollo, in the Hebrides. His case always reminds me of the lines written by the notorious pickpocket Barrington, who was transported to Botany Bay in the latter years of last century. A play was performed in Sydney in 1796 by a company of convicts,

and a prologue was written for the occasion by Barrington.

From distant climes, o'er widespread seas, we come,
Though not with much éclat or beat of drum.
True patriots we, for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.
No private ends disgraced our generous zeal—
What urged our travels was our country's weal ;
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation.

Tiemi had also left Mallicollo for Mallicollo's good. Like Barrington, Tiemi had broken the law of his country ; but he did not want to undergo the disagreeable form of a trial. He left suddenly on his own account. They don't transport people from Mallicollo—they possess no mundane Botany Bay to which to transmit offenders. When you commit a fairly serious offence there they transport you without much delay to the happy banana groves. Tiemi's offence had consisted in the slaughter—in error, he always maintains—of a pig belonging to the Royal household. The law clearly sets forth in Mallicollo that he who interferes with a

pig belonging to Royalty shall surely die, and die of a sudden, too. Tiemi preferred to die of consumption, or some other lingering complaint, in a foreign country.

The natives of Vanua Levu and other islands have a curious way of catching the lairo. The crab has a great propensity for climbing up the coco-nut trees and pulling down the young fruit, which he breaks open and eats when he comes down again. Where the lairos are numerous it can be easily seen that the coco-nut plantations have a poor chance of success, and so the natives have adopted an ingenious way of thinning out the crabs. The lairo generally goes up the tree early in the night, that is to say, between dusk and midnight, and he remains pottering about a good while, generally coming down as the day begins to break. The plan is for the natives to go round after midnight and tie great wisps of grass round the coco-nut trees about ten feet from the ground. Then, as the lairo comes down—backwards of course,

as this is his only way of descending—and reaches the tuft of grass, fancying he is once more on *terra firma*, he lets go his hold on the tree and comes tumbling to the ground a mangled mass. Where the crabs have been numerous I have often seen small schooner-loads of them lying round the foot of each coco-nut tree in the morning. When the lairo season is at its full the natives have terrific feasts ; in fact, there are thousands of them left over for export, if only the trade in that class of edible had been developed.

The life of the lairo would be fairly enjoyable were it not for the annoyance to which he is subjected by the small boy tribe. Boys have not yet learnt to use the pea-shooter or the shanghai in Fiji. They play cricket to a limited degree only. This is chiefly owing to the fact that an umpire is a necessity to control the play. Then the umpire generally gets half killed before the innings is over. An accident policy on a Fijian umpire's life would be a very bad risk

for an insurance office. Hence the small boy, generally speaking, devotes his recreation hours to annoying the lairo. In fact, trapping the lairo, or persecuting him, is a kind of instinct with the boy. As the young cat knows what to do when she sees her first mouse, so does the Fiji boy, as soon as he begins to toddle, by a species of instinct, stand around a good deal where lairos most do congregate, armed to the teeth with junks of rock and other implements of destruction. One of the funniest physical features of the lairo is the construction of his eyes. In a full-grown crab the eye is about an inch long when fully projected ; or, rather, the eye is fixed at the end of a projecting arm about an inch long. This arm is projected or withdrawn at will, of course. When the lairo wants to look down the road he doesn't get up on his hind legs or climb on a fence to do it ; he merely throws up his eyes. When he wants to wink he has to draw them in again temporarily.

Lairo hunting is one of the popular sports of the Fijian people. He is always hunted at night time, with torches. The light dazzles him, and he falls an easy prey. A *koro*, or town, generally turns out *en masse* when the proper hunting season is on. Young people generally take a lively interest in the sport, and the dark character of an *uvi* jungle will always commend it as a desirable spot for a little flirting. You have often heard it said that love is blind. I don't know what to think of that favourite saying when I remember things which I have seen in Fiji. I have known some marvellous cases of long-sightedness, in fact, which would to some extent explode the blind theory. I have known a pair of lovers to find each other on occasions when the darkness of the night has been such that old experienced people have not been able to see through it.

The lairo is a favourite dish with the Fijian. A prominent trait in the Fijian character—his tender-heartedness and regard for

the feelings of other creatures—is a strange feature to find in the constitution of a people who were, up to a few years ago, to be ranked amongst the most thorough-paced cannibals on the face of the earth. The captured lairo is put out of his misery in a merciful way. A thin, well-sharpened hardwood stick, somewhat resembling a bodkin, is used to settle him. The point of the stick is dexterously driven into him at a point immediately under his left armpit. It probably strikes him somewhere in the region of the heart, for he dies immediately.

If the Fijian recognises in the lairo a delicacy, the lairo, in his own turn, when in the land of the quick, has many partialities in the matter of delicacies himself. He is fond of ‘medicine’ for one thing. I was travelling in company with a Fijian once. He carried a basket of which he appeared to be very careful; there was evidently some live stock in it. I asked him what it was. ‘Medicine’ was the prompt reply. The medicine turned

out to be a brace of chickens. This is the kind of health restorer which is most appreciated by the lairo. He will travel a long way out of his track to surround a chicken. The proverbial American chicken-stealer is not a better hand at skinning a barnyard of chicks than the lairo. The roost, however, is the only thing which defies him. But the nigger has had to drop the roost-raiding business of late years since the Americans patented the *torpedo* chicken!

*THE EUROPEAN PIONEER
OF FIJI*

ONE of the most interesting characters in the latter-day history of the Pacific was Charlie Savage, a resourceful Cockney, who found his way into the Fiji group as cabin-boy on board a trading ship which sailed from the Thames in the early days of the present century. The vessel in question, having got in among the Fiji Islands, was cast away on the coral reef at Nairai, a little island lying to the eastward of Ovalau. The natives of Nairai pounced upon the prize with avidity, and all hands on board the vessel, with the exception of Charlie Savage, were in due course got ready for the oven and eaten by the Nairaians. Charlie Savage, owing doubtless to the fact that he was cabin-boy and had

a good run of the commissariat department, was in the pink of condition at the time, and as the Nairai people were bound to carry some part of their fortunate find to the ruling authorities at Bau by way of tribute, Charlie was kept for this purpose, and so escaped the general massacre. The bad weather which brought about the wreck of the vessel prevented the Nairai people from running their canoes down to Bau for a little time, and by degrees Charlie got to be on something like friendly terms with his captors. They had looted the vessel and carried off such things as they understood the use of, but among the neglected cargo was a quantity of gunpowder and some fire-arms. Securing these, the stranded Cockney amused himself, and greatly interested and excited the natives, by shooting birds and other things, and when, eventually, they took him on to Bau and made an offering of him to King Tanoa, the chief ruler of the Fiji archipelago, they had some wonderful tales to tell of Charlie's

prowess with the *dakai* (fire-stick). So it came about that King Tanoa, having plenty of fresh meat when he wanted it, decided not to eat Charlie Savage, but to keep him and learn something of the wonderful 'fire-stick' which he had brought into the country. It was soon conveyed to Charlie that the King would like an exhibition of the use of the *dakai*, and the royal wish was promptly gratified. Birds, pigs, and even men were placed *hors de combat* under the royal wish; and it was not long before the King himself picked up the use of a gun. Tanoa was a crafty monarch, and quick to act when a new stroke of policy occurred to him, and as soon as he had mastered the use of the *dakai*, and grasped the effect of it, he sent a couple of messengers off at full speed across country to Na Droga to apprise the King of that place (who had, by the way, given Tanoa's land forces a severe drubbing a little while before) 'that he did not care a coco-nut for him, and that he was only a poor nigger after all.'

This insult stirred the King of Na Droga to a high pitch of wrath, and, without wasting any more time than it took to cook and eat the two messengers from Bau, the Na Droga fighting contingent was on the march to King Tanoa's country. Expecting them, Tanoa, with the help of Charlie Savage, had rigged up something in the shape of a rough fort at Bau, facing the coast of Viti-Levu, and when the Na Droga warriors appeared on the scene and came prancing across the shallow reef between the mainland and Bau they received a peppering from the little fort which surprised them not a little.

The Bau forces were completely victorious, and the news of the wonderful new weapon and its marvellous and destructive effects for fighting purposes soon spread from one end of the Fijian archipelago to the other. The King, accompanied by Charlie Savage, now made trips to various parts of the group, and in a short time the whole of the islanders, from Rambi to Kandavu, from

the Yasawas to Loma Loma, rendered submission to the King of Bau. Old Tanoa, in a proper spirit of gratitude, heaped honours and rewards on Charlie Savage, who became the owner of large plantation properties and of a fine selection of beautiful wives as well. This elevation from the poor condition of a cook-boy on a trading vessel to that of a large land-owner and sort of Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief in an important kingdom tended somewhat to turn Charlie's head, and some of the veracious chronicles of the period point to him as having developed into a very high-handed and overbearing personage. From hammering his wives when they disagreed with him up to shooting Fijians who came inconveniently in his way, Charlie Savage committed all sorts of criminal acts, and there was some relief felt generally when, in leading an expedition up the Macuata coast on one occasion, he was driven into a corner, his forces routed, and he himself mbutirak'd to death.

If Charlie did but little good for himself in the end, he certainly did good things for Fiji, and particularly for King Tanoa, who was enabled by his help to confederate the various groups forming the Fijian archipelago into one united kingdom, so that when Cako-Bau succeeded his father on the throne at Bau he found himself at the head of one of the strongest powers in the South Pacific in those days. In the first years of his rule Cako-Bau exceeded his father, and, indeed, exceeded his royal predecessors for many generations, in the brutality of his behaviour and the open encouragement he gave to cannibalism and other horrible vices of the period. It is related of Cako-Bau that he killed his first man when only six years of age. In one of the gruesome functions held in the royal compound on the island of Bau in those times a captured chief from the Raki Raki country was bound hand and foot, and the young prince, who was just able to lift a club, was put forward to kill the unfortu-

nate *turaga*. It took him some time, according to all accounts, but he finished the task himself; so when hardly out of his infancy he was guilty of his first criminal act as a homicide. It is satisfactory to learn, however, that later on, mainly through the influence of his loyal friend the late King George of Tonga, King Cako-Bau received the *papalagi* missionaries at Bau, and eventually himself became a professing and very sincere Christian. In the latter years of his life he endeavoured in every possible way to atone for the ruffianism of his early days, and much sympathy was felt for him both among his own people and by the European residents of the group, who now began to increase largely in numbers. When the old King died—a few years after he ceded the islands to Great Britain, in 1874—there was general sorrow in the group, and the scene at his funeral on Bau was a most impressive one. A British man-of-war was sent to Bau for the occasion, and the then Governor of Fiji, Sir William

des Vœux, officially attended on behalf of the Queen.

I remember once meeting on the Rewa River a granddaughter of Charlie Savage, a rather pretty octoroon girl, who showed considerable pride in the memory of her buccaneering progenitor. There are, I believe, many descendants of Savage's knocking about the Fijis. Some years ago there were found in the house of a chief in the Namosi Valley several articles of silver-ware that had evidently come from some of the Catholic churches on the Pacific slope of South America. They were known to have been in Savage's possession, and the conjecture was that the ship to which he belonged had been carrying off some loot in one of the war times from the South American coast when she foundered at Nairai.

AMONG THE MAORIS

WHAT a surprise that must have been for the Englishman who was one day strolling down Queen Street, Auckland. He espied the well and fashionably dressed figure of a young lady a short distance in front. Her head was concealed from his view by a sunshade of the most gaudy pattern. He became a deeply interested party at once. Young Englishmen out in the colonies for a holiday invariably take a keen interest in our fair sex, more especially when their personal appearance is attractive. And our girls very often possess fathers who own considerable stretches of 'jumbuck' property, which is an additional attraction. ♥

The young fellow pushed ahead till he came on a level with the lady. Imagine his

surprise, when he looked in her face, to find it copper-coloured, with a black clay pipe stuck leisurely in her mouth. His disenchantment was sudden and complete.

The American citizen is a great smoker as a rule ; in fact, the rule has come to be so generally recognised that the American now passes, with most people, as the tallest smoker in creation.

But the Maori can give him a long start. And the Maori would be prepared to bet on himself, too, I dare say. The proverbial keenness of the Yankee for speculation is as nothing when the Maori enters the arena.

The Maori, as a smoker, begins young. On my first visit to Auckland I saw a portrait in a photographer's window in which a mother was shown with a child slung, in the orthodox fashion, upon her back—the mother was represented smoking a large-bowled meerschaum, while the baby sucked at a diminutive Irish cuddy. My first impression, of course, was that this was meant to convey



some artistic idea of the photographer's, and not a representation of things as they were. But I afterwards learned that children took kindly and early to the fragrant weed.

I was one evening the guest of a Maori *rangatira* in Whaka-rewa-rewa. The party was a small one—the Maori, his wife, his sister, and myself. We had a rubber at whist, and my host suggested an adjournment for refreshment and a smoke. While we were enjoying our weed a child—about three years of age, I should think—suddenly put in an appearance, and made a formal demand for a smoke.

‘Finish my cigar,’ said my host, tendering his butt. But the child would have none of him. It threw its head in mamma’s lap, and made a disjointed request, throwing occasional side glances at the stranger, for mamma’s *pipe*. My own experience has taught me that cigars give poor satisfaction to a real smoker. I therefore suppose that

the child had already learned what it had taken me years to gather.

I said to the mother on this occasion, 'Fine boy, that.' She laughed as she replied, 'Ko te Wahine' ('It's a girl').

The Maori is a born orator, according to the generally accepted notion. But he knows just exactly when to talk. Upon an occasion when speaking is required of him, he will speak practically, forensically, politically, or in any way which best suits the occasion. But when 'speech is silvern, silence golden,' no living creature can hold his tongue so smartly and so effectually as the Maori. A game of draw-poker in a Maori whare is a veritable quakers' meeting.

The Maori people have never taken kindly to the British. Although peace has reigned in the country for many years, the Maori preserves a sullenness which at times creates some alarm in the political atmosphere. The great King Country, a belt of

rich but undeveloped country lying between the Wairarapa and the now celebrated Hot Lake district, has not been open to Europeans till quite a recent date. After many years of discussion the Government have at last succeeded in gaining the consent of the Maori people to the construction of a railway through the country. The first sod of the railway was turned at Te Awamutu, a few miles from the home of King Tawhiao at Whati-whati-hoe, some years ago. Wahanui, the Maori orator, and Parliamentary representative for one of the Maori districts, went to Te Awamutu with the then Premier, Sir Robert Stout. It had been arranged, of course, that the Premier should turn the first sod. Before the appointed hour for the ceremony, however, a *korero* was held, at which the Maoris decided that their member, Wahanui, should turn the sod, while the Premier was relegated to a back seat. Accordingly Wahanui was the *principal*

performer at the ceremony, Sir Robert Stout being allowed the privilege of wheeling away the barrow which contained the sod.

The Maori has also, when compared with the other aboriginal inhabitants of the Pacific, been very slow to embrace Christianity. When I was in Tauranga once I was called upon at my hotel by a young Maori from the neighbouring native town of Judea. Before leaving he asked me to come and take dinner with him the following evening. I was on hand in due course, and after dinner we lit our pipes and had a stroll through the town. Passing a church—the only one in the town—I asked him, ‘What religion have you got here?’ ‘Oh,’ he replied, ‘we have two here; some are Cathoricks’ (the Maori never uses an L), ‘and some b’long to the other chap.’ ‘Which chap?’ I asked, ‘Wesleyan or Church of England?’ ‘No,’ he said, ‘none of them. Oh, I dunno,’ he continued, ‘I never take any interest in these things, so I don’t know which it is; anyway, there’s a

lot about Solomon and Methuselah in it ; perhaps you know it.'

Tawhiao, the late Maori King, held whatever social and political status he possessed just as an English lord of poor character retains his title and rank. Morally he was bereft of power amongst the people.

Rewi—the hero of Orakau—Te Wheoro, Taiaroa, and many others possessed large influence.

But as regards illustrious descent, Tawhiao was the Cecil, the Norfolk, of Maoriland. His dynasty changed its ruling name a generation before him—his official title being Potatau the Second. His full name was 'Matutaeru Te Puké-puké Te Paue Tu Karato Te-a Potatau Te Whero-whereo Tawhiao,' or Potatau II., and he was a direct descendant of the celebrated pioneer Hotonui, who came in the great war canoe Tainui, from Hawaiki, and settled in Kawhia, seven or eight hundred years ago. Here is a little of the genealogy. — as a dis-

tinguished descendant of Hotonui, who was followed by his son Tawhia, whose son was Tuata, whose son was Te Rauanganga, whose son was Te Whero-where, whose son was Tawhiao, or Potatau II.

In his personal character Tawhiao had little regal dignity. He did unkingly things, and moved about generally in an unkingly way. When I was at Rangiriri some years ago Tawhiao met me and showed me over the old battle-field. This was the scene of the first collision between the Maoris and the British troops in the great Maori war. We visited the native town on the northern shore of Lake Whakaré. Coming back across Whakaré to Rangiriri the King took an oar in the canoe, and worked hard with it all the way, and the disgust of the other Maoris aboard was but ill-concealed.

The Maoris are keen business men, and many of them rank amongst the richest people in New Zealand. I was sitting in a friend's office in Christchurch one day

when a Maori came in. He spoke to my friend for a few moments, handed him a cheque, and left again. When he had gone the cheque was shown to me. It was drawn for 10,000/. I said, 'That's a big figure for a Maori.' 'Oh,' said he, 'that's nothing; that man is worth over half a million of money.' It was the late Hon. Mr. Taiaroa, for many years Parliamentary representative for the South Maori division, but later a member of the Upper House.

The Maori character of the century was Hongi-Hika, who was born in the year 1777. Hongi-Hika was 'hard of christening,' and the old people prophesied that he would be a bad man. The christening ceremony is a funny one. The candidate is got ready and a list of names produced. The first names on the list are those of good people, such as John, Joseph, Matthew, Luke, and so on. Further down you come upon the wicked ones—Nero, Guy Fawkes, Richard, and such. I once attended a christening near Ateamuri,

where the tail end of the list contained the name of Wirimu Karatistoni (William Gladstone). The child is held up and the mother recites the names slowly, one after the other. The first move which the baby makes in the direction of a sneeze or a cry fixes its nomenclature. The name that he sneezes or cries upon belongs to him for ever. If he happens to take things coolly, and fails to take action before the mother gets down amongst the political and other odious names, his surrounding friends are stricken with sadness, as they know he will turn out a bad one. Such was Hongi-Hika. Hongi came to England in 1820, in company with Waikato. They were well received by George the Fourth, who gave Hongi a suit of armour and a lot of valuable presents in the shape of jewellery. When Hongi reached Sydney on his return he converted the jewellery into muskets, powder, and ball, and commenced to play Napoleon Bonaparte as soon as he landed in his own country, the Bay of

Islands. He marched from north to south, carrying death and destruction wherever he went. His name was, indeed, a terror in the land.

The Maoris are a courageous and self-possessed people. But I have seen great strong men shudder at the mention of the word 'Hongi!'

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

JUAN FERNANDEZ AND THE GALAPAGOS

I READ a paper not long since in which the writer endeavoured to show that the island upon which the original of Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe' made his home was none other than Trinidad, the islet on the east coast of South America, about which we have lately been frightened by the Brazilians, who, after standing a good deal of 'John Bull' bounce, at last let the British Government know that if it did not abandon all claims to the island the Rio Republic would declare war on us. So we had to clear out, of course. But no arguing, however ingenious, can upset the well-established fact that Alexander Selkirk was cast adrift from his ship off the island of Juan

Fernandez, in the south-eastern Pacific Ocean, in the year 1706. He had quarrelled with his skipper, who got rid of him by driving him into a dingy and sending him ashore. All the accounts state, however, that he was humanely supplied with a quantity of provisions, a Bible, hatchet, gun, and other trifles of sporting gear likely to prove useful to a man who was about to take up his residence on a lonely island for an indefinite period. He does not appear, however, to have had a bottle of patent medicine amongst his effects, which has always been a matter of surprise to me. The papers in the colonies are constantly giving us long accounts of how Chinese Gordon went to Khartoum armed with nothing but his Bible and a small bag containing a few clothes and a bottle of one of the much advertised articles. They also often tell us that George Washington, Oliver Cromwell, and other distinguished but long-defunct individuals invariably carried bottles of these useful cures. That Selkirk had none

there is hardly any doubt. The skipper, in all probability, had none aboard. He was an illiterate man very likely—couldn't read, and therefore had never read about them.

I have an old acquaintance in Fiji who is rather short-sighted. He is fond of reading, however, and subscribes to many papers. Amongst other amiable qualities he is possessed of a good temper. He is only ruffled once in a way. This happens upon occasions when a newspaper has 'got at him,' as he terms it. I called upon him one day, and the atmosphere in his immediate presence appeared to be charged with electricity generated of the language he had been using. He pointed to a newspaper and hoarsely requested me to 'look at that.' 'That' was an attractively headed paragraph, 'Hints for intending coffee-planters in Fiji.' Half a column was devoted to an elaborate dissertation upon coffee culture; the planter was advised to use this thing and that, but he was solemnly warned that he would go to the dogs

altogether if he failed to keep on hand a good supply of some quack nostrum or other.

Alexander Selkirk spent four years and four months upon the island of Juan Fernandez, when he was picked up by a passing vessel and brought to England, which place he reached in the year 1711.

His look-out station, where he probably spent most of his time looking out to sea in the hope of catching sight of a passing ship, still exists upon the island, and there are many other spots which are supposed to show traces of his occupation.

It was Mr. Cowper who said, I think, that Alexander Selkirk was monarch of all he surveyed. This particular Alexander was probably the most unhappy monarch who ever reigned. Even with plenty of company, and a good supply of the necessities of life, the ruler of Juan Fernandez would have but a poor time of it.

There is a man on the island now—a Chilean—who rents it Chilean

Government for a few hundred dollars a year. The island itself is of little or no use to him; but there is a guano reef in the neighbourhood, which brings him a good revenue. The Chilian has a wife, who contributes in a great measure to break the monotony of his existence upon the place. She does not always confine her efforts in the breaking line to the monotony either. He wishes that she did. She very nearly broke his head on one occasion when I was there. He told me confidentially, over a glass in my cabin a few days after, that he would give her 'what Murphy gave his missus' some day, if she didn't alter her ways.

You do not know, perhaps, what Murphy gave his missus? The expression is in popular use on the western coast of South America, and thereby hangs a tale. The Republic of Ecuador is one of the most interesting States in this part of the world. The equator runs through the capital city,

Quito. The Galapagos, a group of islands lying out in the ocean to the west of Ecuador, belong to that State, and are made use of as a convict settlement. A convict is brought over from Atacames, or Guayaquil, deposited on the Galapagos, and left to look after himself, the ship which brought him returning to Ecuador. The term of his penal servitude for life invariably expires upon the arrival of the next vessel. Whalers are constantly calling in here for a supply of beef—several of the islands are overrun with cattle, and a captain is always ready to take a man away when he is willing to work his passage. Señor Murfé, who was a descendant of an ancient family of the name of Murphy, which originally emigrated from Flanders and settled in Ireland, was for many years the keeper of a gin saloon in the city of Quito. The Señor was gay and festive in his personal habits, and, as often happens to people of this temperament, he had contracted an unfortunate matri-

The Señor's wife developed a dangerous habit of entering the gin saloon and smiting him about the head with a bottle. In size they were disproportionately matched. The Señor was a little man, while his better half was a big woman. He couldn't safely resort to the old-fashioned system of hammering her. He was sorely perplexed for a long time, and was one day pouring his troubles into the sympathetic ear of an old acquaintance. The friend suggested that the Señor should melt a drop of lead in her ear some night. Here was a neat plan ready to hand. It was a novel method of killing a person, even in South America. In due course, one morning the unfortunate woman was found dead in her bed. Many men out that way have since given their wives 'what Murphy gave his missus.'

You will be wondering how the Señor got on, though. They do not let a man off in Ecuador, as they do in other parts of America, for murdering a wife. He was

tried, convicted, and sentenced to transportation to the Galapagos for life. This was a heavy sentence, but the Señor had voted against the judge who tried him at the last election, and he now reaped the reward of his perfidy. Murfé had money, and before he was transported he arranged that a small schooner should be at once sent out to the islands to bring him back again. Accordingly the Government vessel conveyed him to the Galapagos and landed him. A few hours later he stepped aboard his schooner and started on his way back. The schooner was a clipper, and she reached Atacames before the other vessel.

Murfé is a great character over that way. We went round to his saloon one night when we were up in Quito and had a chat with him. We had heard of his escapade, and broached the subject. He was quite proud of the manner in which he had managed the affair. I couldn't help asking him, though, how it was they didn't bring him up again

when he came back. 'Don't you know it's a rule all over the wur-rld,' said the Señor, 'nivir to thry a man twice for a criminal offince?' That was a settler. How can one argue against logic like that, especially when it is accompanied by the persuasiveness of an Irishman? The Señor, though a citizen of Ecuador, retains in a marked degree the personal characteristics which distinguished his ancestors.

How devoutly the average boy pictures to himself as he reads the life of Robinson Crusoe the pleasures of such a life. How devoutly he wishes he could be cast away upon some lonely island, with a gun, and a cat, and a dog, and lots of other *impedimenta*, so that he might act Robinson Crusoe. I know that I used to feel that way a good deal when I was a boy. I have since had the distinction of acting the *rôle* of Robinson Crusoe for a short season, and I have no particular desire to do it again. I was thrown away once in the Carolines, and managed

to pick my way through reefs and drifts to the shores of a small island. It was a much more hospitable island than Juan 'Fernandez, as coco-nuts grew in large quantities all over it. I spent the first ten days in frightful misery, more through the want of company than anything else. The most pleasant day I had was that following a night upon which I had been troubled a good deal with dreams. The subject of my dreams was something novel to think about. The loneliness of a man's situation is something intense when he is compelled to fall back on his dreams for fresh matter. I had begun to think that I was also monarch of all I surveyed. This idea of mine was rudely dispelled one day. A huge native approached me, with what I imagined at first to be friendly gestures. I had got him to throw down his spear by throwing down a piece of bamboo, and signing to him to follow my example. He came up close, and I commenced to try my languages on him. All of a sudden he

made a violent kick at me, which would have left me powerless in his hands if it had not been for the greatest luck in the world. We then fought for our lives, as it were. There is a universal rule to be followed in fighting a Polynesian. If you hit him about the head you smash your knuckles, and you only amuse him ; you do not hurt him. But his *binjie*, as the Australian blacks call it, is his weak spot. As Artemus Ward would have put it, my new acquaintance struck me a violent blow on the left fist with his stomach, after which he sat down to have a spell. I promptly handcuffed him with my belt, and kept him in charge till next day. I had some trouble with more of his tribe before I succeeded in getting away to the next island, and eventually from the group. But I want no more experiences in the Robinson Crusoe line.

NEW CALEDONIA AND ITS CONVICTS

As the reader will probably know, New Caledonia is a French colony, and has been used by the French Government for many years as a penal settlement.

The island of New Caledonia is about 300 miles in length by an average breadth of 40 miles. It lies about 950 miles north-east from Sydney, and runs in a south-easterly and north-westerly direction between latitude 20 and 23 degrees south.

Entering the roadstead of Noumea, the first impression which one gets of the physical character of the country is not very inviting. Great arid-looking mountain ridges stretch away behind the town, and the further knowledge of the country which one gains

upon an extended acquaintance with it only tends to confirm the first impressions formed of its barrenness. There are, of course, many fertile spots to be found upon New Caledonia. The banks of the rivers have all been selected at different times by cattle-raisers and planters. Noumea is situated upon a kind of flat, on the shore of a most picturesque harbour. The harbour itself is very secure, being almost land-bound, as it has Ile Nou situated directly in its mouth. Ile Nou is, of course, the first spot of interest which attracts the traveller as the vessel passes close under its shore. This is the chief penal dépôt in the colony, about 8,000 convicts being confined upon it. They are conveyed from Ile Nou every morning in barges to the mainland to enter upon their daily hard labour.

Noumea would appear to have had its creation about forty years ago, when the Crimean War was going on. Thus we find the main thoroughfare called Alma Street.

There is also Inkerman Street, the Hôtel Sébastopol, and so on.

Many of the public buildings in Noumea present a rather imposing appearance from the harbour. There are several military barracks of huge dimensions, and the hospital on the northern side of the town holds a commanding position. Many of the wealthier residents have their picturesque-looking private residences dotted over the sides of the hills at the rear of the town.

Noumea is very cosmopolitan in the constitution of its inhabitants. The French element, of course, predominates, but other nationalities are represented. The Celt blooms in great profusion. 'Who goes there?' queried a sentry once as some people were passing him in the dark. 'Uz, Frinch,' was the reply.

The great social lever in Noumea is Freemasonry. It would be unjust to recklessly credit this popular and deserving institution with any hand in ways that are dark,

but it is certain that in this part of the world rumour attributes to the craft a rather unenviable connection with the escape of convicts from the settlement. The escape of Henri Rochefort, Pascal Grousset, and Oliver Pain in the 'P. C. E.' some years ago is pointed to as a triumph of the fraternity in the matter of standing by a brother. This case, however, could fairly be looked upon as a political one. The trouble arises where the agent appears upon the scene, prepared, upon receiving a fee of 50 or 100 francs, to work the lever, and hoist the cut-throat or the forger upon the already over-burdened populations of Sydney and Brisbane.

Touching the Rochefort affair, the man who took a leading part in the preparations for that escapade was practically ruined through it. He had been carrying on a lucrative business as an hotel-keeper in Noumea, and his connection with the affair led to the confiscation of his property and his banishment from the colony. He afterwards kept

a small hotel in Sydney, but never did well, and has always been appealing to Rochefort for help.

I was a lad at the time of the terrible Franco-German war. Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper supplied us in the main with our spiritual food in those days. But these graphic hero painters fell out of demand at the time when newspapers were full of the exploits of Gustave Flourens and Aurelles du Paladin. And what noble pictures we had in our minds of the persons of Henri Rochefort and his companions. A soldier and an orator, a proper conventional six-footer, with the conventional moustache—who of us would not have hypothecated his pocket-money for a whole year to go and look upon the exiled hero of the Commune? I shall never forget the thrilling interest with which we heard the news of the arrival of Rochefort with his companions at Newcastle. They remained but a few days in the district before they started off on their way to London. I

remember one morning passing in front of the hotel at which they were staying. Fortune favoured me. As I passed, the party of political *évadés* walked out of an upstairs room on to the balcony. I rooted myself to the spot to realise the scene properly. They had some of the mortal element about them, though, after all. They smoked. But what would I not have given to be able to roll a cigarette *à la Rochefort*. I was only learning to smoke at the time.

What a pity it is that time and experience knock so much of the fine edge off our ideas of admiration for the great. During late years it has been my fortune to have considerable communion with tribunes of the people, with princes, and even with kings. The result is that I would not walk a hundred yards now to see a hero or a monarch.

Talking of my connection with Royalty, I was once acting as Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces to a South Sea potentate. The kingdom was twenty-

two miles long by about two miles in breadth. But the King had established a protectorate over some neighbouring islets. The *protectorate* part of the business was a grand feature in the administration of the affairs of the kingdom. Before I had taken office the King encountered some trouble from the people on the islets, who, in their foolish way, protested that they wanted no protection whatever. His Majesty's method of protecting them did not fit in with their ideas of political economy. He collected all their coco-nuts for them, converted the nuts into copra, and sold it to white traders, keeping the money for his own personal use. After I had been in office for a few days I tried to induce the old man to go halves with them, but he couldn't see his way to do it. The army had to be kept up. The army always wanted something. There were about 47 men in it altogether, and only a short time previously the King had bought a pair of trousers for one of the oviss. The ovisa

had not worn them a day when the whole army clamoured for trousers. In fact, a mutiny seemed to be at hand ; the men were growing impatient and impudent, and one had actually the effrontery to tell His Majesty that if he were not supplied with a *red shirt* he would ' bust up ' the whole business. The old man was troubled, and he determined to hold all the money he could get for the purpose of conciliating the army. So that the protectorate over the islets went on as before.

We had a curious method of drilling in the army. The first occasion upon which I took charge I began to use some orders which I had formulated for the purpose. I gave the order, *Mata totonu* (eyes straight, or eyes front). An ovisa came over to me. ' Oh,' he said, ' never mind that ; we just give them *Shouldah hums* ! for everything, and they imitate or follow us in what we require them to do.' I had to fall in with the arrangement, and accordingly, to the order

'shouldah hums' every movement was done. Right wheel, left wheel, stand-at-ease, and all, were performed with alacrity to the order, *Shouldah hums!*

I went along very well as Premier till the King and I disagreed. He annexed my watch, and I wanted it back again. I had to threaten to blow a hole into him with a Lancaster 'R.I.C.,' which I always carried, before he would disgorge, but he retaliated by investing me with the ancient order of the sack.

The traveller to Noumea naturally betakes himself to Ile Nou in search of the interesting. During one of my visits to the island I had a conversation with the notorious Parisian assassin Abadie. A young friend of mine from the Mauritius, who accompanied me, took great interest in the arch-assassin, as he was living in Paris at the time of Abadie's capture and conviction, and had, in fact, strangely enough, given evidence at the trial. My friend lived with his uncle in Paris, and one evening had

street to purchase a newspaper. Returning, he was hardly well inside when a commotion at the door attracted his attention. He rushed out to find a man weltering in his blood near the doorstep. He was just in time to catch a glimpse of the murderer as he hastened away. He had time to take a longer look at the assassin when he confronted him in a court of justice to assist in his prosecution. But he had time to survey him more leisurely still as the three of us stood chatting together on Ile Nou. Abadie had been the director of a gang of assassins in Paris. As my friend offered him a cigarette he put the question, 'I wonder how it would have been if I had crossed the street a minute earlier, just as you had come up with that fellow?' 'You would never have been here,' was the convict's reply.

Another interesting character here is the worthy who gave himself out as a Roman Catholic bishop and collected immense sums of money in different parts of France for con-

vent building purposes. Like most swindlers, he did not know where to stop, and he is now booked for the rest of his natural life for a residence in New Caledonia.

The convict band is also a striking feature in connection with Ile Nou. This band, which is about the finest I have ever heard, plays for five hours on Thursdays and Sundays in the public park in the centre of Noumea. During the remainder of the week they devote five hours a day to practice, so that they ought to play well. I should almost be inclined to think that this continued application to music would tend to make the performers stale. But, after all, who would not sooner beat a drum all day than break stones along the roadside? I am sure, if I were compelled to choose between the two, I should elect to have the music, even if I had to blow the trombone.

There is a strange character who moves majestically up and down the streets of Noumea, whose dress and general appearance

catch the stranger's eye at once. This is an Algerian sheik, who was transported to Noumea after the rebellion in Algiers which followed the rising of the Commune in Paris. The sheik was one of the leaders of the revolt, and when the rebellion was crushed he, with some companions, was sentenced to death for his complicity in the trouble. But during Marshal MacMahon's time in Algeria, many years before, the young Algerian chief was a loyal subject and a close personal friend and ally of MacMahon's. When the sheik got into trouble the Marshal had just been elected President of the Republic. The sheik's mother hastened to Paris, appealed to the President, and saved her son's life. The alternative was given him of banishment to New Caledonia. The old man is very popular. He walks round the streets on parole, and is allowed the privilege of adoring his own God in his own way.

KANAKAS AND 'KAI-OUI-OUIS'

THE antithesis of the desert, with its green and refreshing oasis, is to be found on the bosom of the Pacific Ocean, some five hundred miles to the north-east of Brisbane, the capital of Queensland. As one sails over the calm face of the ocean, fanned by the gentle breezes for which the Pacific is remarkable, it is with a feeling somewhat akin to pain and abhorrence that one approaches the desolate-looking shores of New Caledonia. The smoke from the dreaded bush fires is seen rising from amongst the forests of *niaouli* along the sides of the mountain ridges, and the imagination can depict the comforts enjoyed by the unhappy *libéré*, whom the Government of the Republic has so thoughtfully furnished with a free land grant of

thirty-six acres in the scrubby forests among the mountain gorges.

When the traveller to New Caledonia passes through the narrow straits which divide Ile Nou from the southern headland of the harbour of Noumea, he bids good-bye to the sweet Pacific breezes till he emerges through the straits again. For heat, and mugginess, and general 'cussedness' in the matter of climate, the town of Noumea is almost equal to Cooktown, Queensland, which spot is far and away the warmest corner on the warm continent of Australia. The heat of Cooktown greatly assists the preachers of the Gospel up that way. When people experience the heat of that place, and reflect that Hades is in all probability a hotter spot, they invariably begin to ponder over the chances of saving their souls. An illustrated tale always fixes itself upon the mind more indelibly than one plainly printed without such assistance. Noumea is for the most part built upon land reclaimed

from the foreshores of the harbour. Many of the wealthier inhabitants have erected for themselves cool and pleasant-looking residences upon the sides of the mountain wall at the rear of the town, where also is situated the gubernatorial residence, in the centre of a most charming tropical plantation.

Proportionately to the number of its population, Noumea probably possesses more cafés and liquid-refreshment rooms than any other town in creation. There are over sixty licensed houses in the place, and drinking appears to be indulged in to an almost alarming extent by the thirsty population. Upon Sunday, which, as is well known, is recognised as a gay and festive holiday by French people generally, the cafés and saloons are all open, and yet one meets with less drunkenness than is encountered in the towns in Australia and New Zealand, where, in most cases, the hotels and public-houses are closed by law from Saturday night till Monday morning.

The Sabbath Day is more sombre and solemn-looking in Australia than it is even in England. And Sunday is more gay and rollicking in Noumea than it is even in France. Imagine, then, with what strange feelings the Australian on his first visit to the capital of the great French penal colony strolls out on a Sunday afternoon to find a cricket match going on in the public gardens, a band gaily playing the liveliest dance music, and the bar-rooms crowded with people on all sides of him. And he will search the streets in vain on Sunday evening to find a drunken man or to see a row. Is it that the French people conduct themselves better under the influence of liquor than the average Englishman or Australian, or is it that they can 'carry' it better? Or do the Australian prohibitive regulations excite the obstinacy of the otherwise genial colonist, and engender a desire in his bosom to make a big effort to procure liquor at all hazards, and to imbibe it largely when he does procure it, just for spite?

Sunday in Noumea is a day of rest—for inveterate dancers only. And who does not dance in the convict capital? On week nights, immediately after dinner is got through, the small round tables so profusely scattered over the ground floors of the hotels are removed, the band begins to play—a small band is attached permanently to every hostelry of any pretensions—and the dancers come pouring in from different quarters. Most of the public-houses are 'tropically' built; that is, the whole of the ground floor is preserved as one room, with a small space fenced off, in one of the corners, for the purposes of a bar.

This serves as a dining-room and drinking saloon during the day and a ball-room in the evening. In the more fashionable rooms the evening scene is a gay one indeed, as presented to the eye of the unsophisticated traveller. Officers in their bright uniforms are plentiful, pretty and dashing-dressed women, many of whom are pointed out to the stranger

as *libérées* who distinguished themselves in the home country by their kleptomaniacal proclivities, and young men and women of all shades of colour, from the fascinating quad-roon down to the dusky Kanaka of New Caledonia.

The aboriginal of New Caledonia is a curious customer. He hates the Frenchman, or 'Kai-oui-oui,' as fervently as his Satanic Majesty hates holy water. But convert him into a policeman, drawing what is to him the munificent pay of twenty-five francs per month, and he is the most devoted servant of the Republic, and the most abject sycophant, who bows before, or touches his cap to, the passing citizen. In his wild state the Kanaka much resembles the Maori of New Zealand in his surliness of temper and general want of amiability, though little resembling him in colour or physical characteristics. When he finds his way to a town, such as Noumea, he affects the greatest cordiality towards everybody but Frenchmen,

and he also adopts a good deal of the gesticulatory style of the latter, though certainly without any intention of paying homage to French customs.

As a policeman, he is a terror to peaceful citizens as well as to evil-doers. A few years since a young man from Adelaide was over for a few months' visit to some friends in Noumea. He was out visiting rather late one evening, and on his return homewards, as he was hurrying along one of the dark, unlighted streets—they have not reached street lamps in the convict capital yet—he was accosted by a native policeman. Before he had time to make any explanation the policeman made an effort to handcuff him, probably assuming, though very unreasonably, that he was a runaway convict. A scuffle ensued, and the black commenced to use the native wooden pickaxe with which he was armed, and the consequence was that the young fellow was killed upon the spot. An inquiry was held, but of course without

any satisfactory result, as far as the friends of the murdered youth were concerned.

They have a kind of Bois de Bologne in Noumea, in which, when a duel is on the *tapis*, the battle is fought upon a Sunday morning. Duels were rife in New Caledonia a few years ago. They have fallen off a good deal lately, owing to interference on the part of the authorities. A young fellow went over from Australia once to try his luck at business in the convict colony. Like most new chums in every colony, he devoted a good deal of his time, and his money also, during the first few weeks, to seeing the sights of the capital. Much of his time was spent among the cafés and billiard saloons, and, as a matter of course with a gay Australian Lothario, he became enamoured of some fair Hebe who dispensed absinthe and cocktails over one of the fashionable bars. But he only happened to be one of many who had been softly sighing in that direction. The numerous phalanx against

which he had to contend consisted solely of Noumeans, and one of them very hotly resented the intrusion of the stranger from Botany Bay. At last the Australian threatened to punch the Frenchman's head. This was of course what might have been expected from a vulgar fellow of English habits. The use of the knuckle, especially in the excitement of love affairs, was indeed a degrading and vulgar method to suggest. Next day the Australian was waited upon at his hotel by a friend of his rival, who invited him to name a friend with whom the necessary preliminaries for the duel could be arranged. The Australian found at last that, however he might dislike the idea of fighting another man with swords, he could not possibly, with any show of decency, get out of the difficulty. The meeting came off in due course. The Australian, who had scarcely ever seen a sword before, let alone used one, was rather at a loss how he should begin. However, probably before the

Frenchman was quite ready, he rolled into him pell-mell, and nearly chopped his head off before he could realise what was the matter. The duel ended here, and the Frenchman left the field minus an ear and with a terrible gash over his collar-bone, but armed with the firm resolve that when he fought again he should pick out an adversary who had some science about him, and who would go about the business properly, so as to give another scientific man a chance.

The Australian, however, flushed with his success, was quite anxious to have another go at someone. Without seeking far he was very soon accommodated. But his challenger on this occasion, not to be drawn into the sword business, proposed pistols as the weapons to be used. It was all the same to the Cornstalk. He had had some experience with the revolver, but to get his hand in he promptly purchased one, with a box of cartridges, and spent an afternoon in the woods at the back of the town, where he

was able to indulge in some quiet practice on his own account. The consequence was that at the meeting on the following Sunday morning, at his first shot he lodged a bullet in his adversary's thigh, and laid him up on a bed from which he was unable to rise for the next two months.

When a convict does happen to elude the vigilance of his warders, which happens, strange to say, very often, the policeman who effects his capture obtains a reward of fifty francs. To the Kanaka gendarme this is a tempting amount, and as the Government pay the reward for the production of the *évadé's* body, dead or alive, and as part of the Kanaka's religion is to keep his own skin as whole as possible, the unfortunate runaway generally has a very rough time of it in Noumea.

One day during my sojourn in Noumea two policemen approached the place from the direction of St. Louis, and as they came down the winding road from the hillside

leading into the town it could be seen that they were carrying something between them on a pole. What at first appeared to be a prize in the shape of a captured bush-pig turned out upon a closer examination to be an *évadé* who had escaped from Noumea some days previously. He was rudely tied on to the pole which the men carried between them. Some humane people on the street remonstrated with the Kanakas when they deposited their burden on the pavement to indulge in a short rest. 'Oh,' replied one, 'we were compelled to tie him tightly; he gave us a lot of trouble catching him, and we were fearful lest he might escape again.' But when, later on, they deposited their burden in the prison dépôt on the Quay, it was found that the poor prisoner had indeed escaped. But the fifty francs were counted out all the same.

*THE MISSIONARY IN THE
SOUTH SEAS*

It is not many years since the first batch of missionaries went down to the sea in ships, and found landing places upon the lovely islands which are so profusely scattered over the Pacific. Early in the present century—somewhere about the time of Waterloo—the Rev. Mr. Henry found his way from England to the Society Islands (now known as Tahiti), and hoisted the flag of Christianity. Mr. Henry is the generally acknowledged pioneer of Christian labour in that part of the world, and the good work which he performed amongst the Tahitians was not, happily, interred with his bones, but lives after him.

The Tahitians are a gentle and tractable

people, and the popular Pacific Island custom of cannibalising was never very extensively developed amongst them. Consequently Mr. Henry had the distinction of living a long life there, and of dying a natural death in the end. This latter circumstance distinguishes the story of his life from that of the vast majority of his contemporaries, who, as a rule, died of a sudden.

In those groups of islands stretching along from the New Hebrides up towards the Solomons and New Guinea, boiled missionary was for many years, and in some places still is, the favourite dish. A plump young Englishman, who has been carefully reared, and has never had many opportunities of poisoning his blood and his flesh with alcoholic stimulants, comes out well in the cooking, when compared with the roystering gin-drinking islander who often finds his way to the oven after a battle amongst the tribes.

‘Preparations for a South Sea island

dinner' would have been a splendid study for the artist who could have looked on as the Rev. Mr. Brown landed upon the shore of Santa Cruz some years ago. The interested natives had watched the boat drop anchor, and each coco-nut tree that faced the unlucky missionary as he strode confidently up the beach concealed a dusky form and a formidable club. The excitement was keen as the new arrival walked forward in the direction of the smoke which indicated the location of the native village. The man behind the first tree was 'warm' as the missionary passed within a few feet of him. The next man was 'cold,' Mr. Brown having walked out into the open. He soon made one of the anxious islanders 'hot' by walking right up against his tree. At short range a club never misses fire. The poor missionary went the way of all flesh in a most precipitous manner. And the way of all human flesh on the Santa Cruz was a merry one—merry, of course, for those who accompanied it. Different portions of

the Rev. Mr. Brown found living tombs that day, and his skull is still retained by an old chief living up amongst the mountains. The chief happened to be in the village the day of the massacre, and was a spectator of the whole proceedings. Although he retains the head as a trophy, he was not the man who clubbed the missionary, and he also, strangely enough, refrained from partaking of the repast. The condition of the missionary was prime—so the chief was told by several people who were there. I have every reason to believe that the old man was innocent of any complicity in the proceedings, because he told me so himself, and I never knew a Santa Cruz chief to tell a lie yet, except to get money or gin out of me.

Before I commenced to travel I had a well-set idea that the preacher of the gospel, wherever he happened to be met, would of necessity be a very proper person indeed. If he smoked tobacco, or imbibed liquor, he would do it privately, always presenting to

the outside world a good example of moral and abstemious conduct. How the idols of a boy's fancy are shivered and blasted when he pries into a few outside corners of the world! I was once cruising along the coast of Malayta when I ran into a small cove one evening for shelter. We made up to the town at the head of the harbour, and were guided by a native whom we met to the house of the village chief. Here we found a pleasant company assembled. Several gaily-painted chiefs and a white man occupied the mat of honour in the centre of the floor, deeply engaged in the classic study of draw-poker, and the air was filled with the seductive fragrance of gin-punch. The poker was abandoned, and a hearty welcome accorded to us, my countryman being very demonstrative in his gestures and words of greeting. I shall never forget him. He had many points about him which commended him to me as a good soul, for at sea we learn

to look charitably on the vagaries of a man and a brother when we see any indication that, whatever be his failings, his heart is in the right place.

White men are mutually inquisitive in the South Seas. After he had pumped me dry with questions as to where I hailed from, whither I was bound, and the nature of my business, I returned the compliment by asking him what he was doing on Malayta. 'I am the sky-pilot for this coast,' he replied playfully. This was my first experience of a good healthy tobacco-chewing muscular Christian, and I was rather amused and entertained by the sample before me. Of rough personal exterior, he completed the picture by affecting the slovenly dress of the trader, with a few touches of native adornment added. He wore a native cloth turban on his otherwise bare head, and concealed the greater portion of the rest of his body with a regatta shirt and a pair of moleskin pants. I have mentioned that he was a good

soul, and his character shall, therefore, not be depreciated here.

One of his strong points was the utter absence from his mental composition of anything which could be construed into hypocrisy or bigotry. Another good point was that he was very plain-spoken. When the time came on for evening prayers one of the young fellows present—evidently a kind of pupil of the missionary—offered up the usual extempore prayer. The community was Wesleyan, and the young suppliant confined his application for Divine encouragement and clemency to the body of which he was a member. When he had concluded, the missionary, who had for a few moments been nervously handling a coco-nut which lay upon the mat beside him, sent the nut flying at the youth's head with unerring aim, at the same time remarking—'Didn't I tell you last night to give the Catholics a show?'

The young fellow, rather sullenly, resumed his prayers, this time asking rather em-

are impelled by a strong desire to carry out their work with thoroughness and sincerity, there are many whose natural proclivities are of the earth, earthy. Take, for instance, the 'sky-pilot' who combines business with the pleasure of guiding souls in the way that they should go. The trader-missionary has a great deal to answer for, if only for the amount of Pacific blasphemy which he is the cause of extracting from the legitimate trader with whose business he interferes. If you go on a trading expedition to a district where one of this class of missionary shepherds the native flock, you require to be very polite in your movements to insure any success in your undertaking. During my own trading experience in the South Seas the line which I generally found the best to follow was that of submitting a present to the missionary. The intrinsic value of the testimonial would, of course, be regulated by the amount of business likely to be done within the jurisdiction of the 'sky-pilot' to whom it

was tendered. And sometimes a competitive lay trader would appear upon the scene, which rendered it necessary that he should, if possible, be outbid. Competition was a splendid thing for the missionary, who invariably temporised and hesitated till he extracted the highest possible bribe from the more enterprising of the two traders. The unlucky trader whose tender was not accepted withdrew from the place at once, as there was no use for him to stay in the face of the mandate from the missionary to the natives which followed the acceptance of the successful trader's bid.

In some cases the traders refuse to recognise the claims of the missionary to any royalty of the kind, but they invariably lose money by it. The sky-pilot has a tight grip on his followers.

is the uncontrollable desire to travel. Family ties and bonds of affection have alike no hold upon the Tokalau if an opportunity presents itself by which he may travel abroad—he does not care where; if it be to the farthest ends of the world it is all the same to him. Without a word of adieu to his wife, his children, or his parents, the Tokalau will jump aboard a whaler for a three or four years' voyage, and leave his home without the faintest notion of ever returning to it again. If chance brings him back after the whaling voyage is over, well and good; if chance brings him instead to some remote corner of the world, thousands of miles away from the Tokalaus, it is all the same to him.

When the writer was reluctantly compelled, through shipwreck, to spend fourteen weeks upon one of the Tokalau islands, a few years back, a strange incident occurred. A party of eight of the islanders returned home from a neighbouring archipelago, where they

had been dropped by a trading schooner, in which they had recently come from San Francisco. They had been away from home for a period of nearly three years, during the greater part of which they had been traveling. Their story was a strange account of suffering and adventure.

The Tokalaus are low islands, having been formed by degrees on the crests of a series of coral reefs—a common physical occurrence in the Pacific Ocean. None of the islands are more than six feet above sea level, and the coco-nut trees, with which the islands abound, although most prolific in the matter of fruit-bearing, are stunted in growth when compared with the general height of such trees.

The sea currents are also very rapid and treacherous in these regions. Hence, in passing from one island to another in small boats or native canoes, the *voyageur* often loses sight of land, and when particular attention is not paid to the tide rip, or the

current, there is a considerable risk of being carried away to sea.

Nearly three years before the return of these eight survivors a mixed party of twenty-two Tokalaus—men, women, and children—started one afternoon from a mission station on one of the islands to visit the missionary on a neighbouring atoll. They sailed away before a very mild breeze in the whaleboat belonging to the mission. When they got well away from the land—out of sight of it, in fact—the breeze had almost died away. The sail was kept up, however—a thing which the Tokalau will always do while there is an ounce of wind to blow him along. He does not believe in doing with the oar, in a hot climate, what a thoughtful Providence will do for him with a few puffs of wind. And the matter of time is no object to the Tokalau.

The consequence was that night came upon the party while they were yet tossing gently about on the glassy water, many

miles from home and from their point of destination. The treacherous current had also been doing its work, and when, after a weary night had been passed, day again dawned upon them, they were far away from any chance of reaching land—for some time at all events. Unacquainted, of course, in the absence of landmarks, with their position upon the ocean, and confused as to the course which they ought to steer, the wildest disorder began to reign amongst them.

One steered in the direction which he thought the right one for a few hours, when, no land appearing ahead, he was violently ejected from his place at the tiller and replaced by one who thought he knew better. The boat was steered to all points of the compass, till at last the most sensible plan under the circumstances was resorted to—that of sailing away before the wind—going, in fact, wherever the wind had a mind to take them. The new course was no sooner proposed than it was unanimously adopted,

holding out, as it did, the prospect of an adventure in some foreign country—a prospect dear to the Tokalau's heart. The prevailing breeze in the Pacific during the greater portion of the year is from the south-east, and this breeze happened to be blowing at the period of the adventurers' resolve to sail before the wind. Days and weeks passed, and still they flew away before it, without, however, meeting with the slightest sight of land. The small amount of provisions which they had originally carried aboard had been long since exhausted, and the greatest trouble now in the immediate front of them was hunger. But to a set of cannibals a way out of such a difficulty was not long in suggesting itself. It was merely a case of the survival of the fittest. The weakest of the party went first. The young people were sacrificed, one by one, to satisfy the hungry cravings of the older and stronger ones. After the young and tender ones had been used up, the turn of the unfortunate

women came. The greatest economy in the use of the food was exercised, probably in recognition of the well-known human instinct that self-preservation is the first law of nature. And when at last the number of the whaleboat's occupants had dwindled down from twenty-two to eight, land was sighted ahead one morning. No accurate account had been kept of the time the adventurers had been at sea, but the period occupied must have been at least seven or eight weeks, for when they landed they found themselves upon the coast of Japan, some thousands of miles away from the Tokalau group. It may be imagined that the travellers created no small amount of astonishment and interest amongst the Japanese whom they first encountered. Taking note of the somewhat Mongolian features of the Kai Tokalaus, it is only natural that they were mistaken for some outlandish Chinese natives who had wandered across, or been reluctantly driven

across, the Chinese Sea. It was, of course, impossible for them to make themselves understood, except by gestures, and, after much parleying by that primitive method, they were eventually conveyed to one of the mission stations along the coast, where the good and patient missionaries, full of information regarding the mission work and the inhabitants of the Pacific, were able at last to discover that their unfortunate guests came from the Tokalau archipelago. They were retained at the station for some time, till an opportunity at last presented itself, when passages were secured for them upon a sailing vessel bound from Yokohama to San Francisco. The latter port, though far from being in the direction of home, would offer them many chances of reshipping in the direction of their own country, as a large number of trading vessels ply between 'Frisco and the Pacific Islands.

In due time the adventurers passed through the celebrated Golden Gate, and

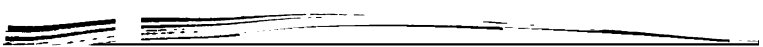
were landed in San Francisco. Here their first care was, of course, to endeavour to secure passages in the direction of their home under the Equator. They were fortunate enough at last to get over one stage of the journey through getting berths on a vessel bound to Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands.

At Honolulu they fell into the hands of an enterprising American showman, who promptly opened negotiations with them to show for a brief season in San Francisco. The affair seemed genuine, as money was forthcoming, and back they went to the Californian capital in charge of the showman, who exhibited them there for a considerable time, and with the greatest success, as 'wild men from the interior of Thibet.' They brought back with them many of the bills and posters through which they had been advertised to the American public, and probably retain them yet as mementoes of their curious adventure. The showman

appears to have behaved very handsomely towards them, and when the engagement came to a conclusion they were well supplied with funds and other necessities, and a passage secured for them upon the trading schooner which eventually landed them in the neighbourhood of the Tokalaus.

The islanders had, of course, long since given them up as dead, and a few of the survivors who had left wives behind returned to find the good ladies in possession of other husbands. This naturally caused some irritation, and the King of the island was called upon to King-Solomonise and otherwise adjudicate upon the matter.

Peace was restored when the writer left the place, but the Tokalaus had made up their minds that when they ventured upon the water again and the wind fell the order was to be—'Man the oars!'



*THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—THE
LEPER COLONY OF MOLOKAI*

Most people remember the heroic conduct of Father Damien, the Belgian priest who voluntarily entombed himself among the lepers on the island of Molokai in 1873.

The kingdom of Hawaii will always hold a place in the minds of English people who care to dwell upon the travels and adventures of Captain James Cook. Loyal Englishmen, whose pride is the vastness of our great Empire—upon which it has been truly said that the sun never sets—whose pride it is also to remember that our Colonial subjects are, if possible, more strong and enthusiastic than the people at home in their devotion to the Throne and their desire to uphold and maintain the integrity and the unity of the

British Empire, will always be prepared to acknowledge the indebtedness of that Empire to the labours of James Cook.

The Sandwich Islands were first touched by Captain Cook in 1778, and thus named by him, in honour of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich, who occupied the position of First Lord of the Admiralty at that time. This name is, however, gradually being dropped, and probably it is much better that the original native name should be perpetuated. Such a change has actually taken place in most of the other archipelagos in the Pacific to which English names were given by Captain Cook and other navigators. The Society Islands—so called by Cook on account of the social and hospitable characteristics of the islanders—are now universally spoken of as the Tahitian Islands.

It is understood, by the way, that the social pre-eminence of the Tahitians consisted simply in the circumstance that cannibalism was not indulged in by the islanders.

The Friendly Islands, the Navigators, and the Cannibal Islands have now totally dropped those titles, and are known to travellers by their old native names of Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji respectively.

The kingdom of Hawaii consists of eight islands : Hawaii, Maui, Kahulaui, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai, and Niihau.

The superficial area of the whole group is over 6,000 square miles. A large proportion of this area is covered with volcanic scorïæ and pumice, rendering it unfit for agricultural purposes ; but that portion which is available to the planter is not to be surpassed in any part of the Pacific, or indeed in any part of the tropical world, for richness and producing capacity. When the late George Augustus Sala passed through Honolulu he was struck with the remarkable fertility of the place, which he called in some of his papers the ' Eden ' of the Pacific. Or, to quote the chatty journalist more fully, he spoke of Hawaii as the ' Eden and the

DEATH. The serpent was a specific point
 at the head of the disease of Leprosy which has for
 years been moving about amongst the people
 of these tiny islands.

Although this dreadful disease was—to
 a very limited extent only—known to the
 natives of most of the Pacific Islands before
 the advent of foreigners, there is no doubt
 that in the case of Hawaii and the Tahitian
 Islands, the alarming spread of the disease
 of late years is more directly traceable to the
 Chinese labour immigrants who have been
 introduced from Macao and Canton.

The Hawaiian will avoid hard work as
 persistently as any of his coloured brethren
 of the Pacific, and that is saying a great deal.
 And it will surprise no one who has travelled
 amongst the islands that such is the case.
 Providence is peculiarly kind to the islander:

The Kava feast, the yam, the coco-root,
 Which bears at once the cup, the milk, the fruit ;
 The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare, yields
 The unreap'd harvest of unfurrowed fields,
 And bakes its unadulterated loaves
 Without a furnace in unpurchas'd groves.

These are the natural perquisites of the Pacific islander. In the matter of fish and other kindred delicacies, the pleasure of catching them is the peculiar prerogative of woman. And the man takes a pleasure in letting her do it. Everything is placed to the native's hand, without any effort on his part to obtain it. There are a good many people outside of the Pacific who would not hanker much after work if they could get all the necessaries of life upon such terms.

Such being the state of affairs among the islands, the white coffee, tea, or sugar planter is invariably compelled to introduce foreign labour to his estates. During the past twenty or thirty years large drafts have been imported from China and India for the estates in Hawaii. The labour-recruiters in Calcutta, Macao, and Canton were not very particular as to the class of people whom they engaged—in fact, for the greater part they could not afford to be—where the wages offered were only at the rate of about 10 dollars per annum.

Hence the slums of these pestilential cities were drawn upon for the required labourers, and before the immigration system had been long in force at Honolulu that lovely spot was reeking with the accursed plague of leprosy.

The island of Molokai, which lies between Oahu and Maui, and not far from Honolulu, was selected by the Government for use as a quarantine ground to which to transmit persons affected with the disease. When a case is discovered the patient is placed in a small native canoe, or a boat which is of little value. In this he is towed by a steamer or sailing vessel to the shores of Molokai, where he is cut adrift and allowed to make his way ashore as best he can.

Years ago I paid several visits to Molokai, and on one occasion the little colony of lepers were in a deplorable condition, in consequence of the inclemency of the season. There are several settlements, or townships, on the island, and the communal system of

living, so common to Pacific Island peoples, is much in vogue amongst the lepers.

Of course, the large majority of the residents on Molokai are but slightly affected with the disease, and in many cases leprosy develops very slowly. But the measures which the Honolulu Government found it necessary to adopt for the suppression of leprosy were of such a drastic kind that the slightest symptoms of the disease were sufficient to warrant the banishment of the unfortunate subject.

One Englishman, who was well known some years ago in Hawaiian political circles—who had, in fact, held an important legal position in the Government at one period—had the misfortune to become slightly affected by leprosy in one of his hands. He wore gloves—an unusual thing in Honolulu—for some time to conceal the terrible white spot from public view. But the gloves attracted suspicion, and the ‘leper detectives’ made a raid upon him. Through his

social position and his general popularity, many efforts were made to get him away in outgoing vessels for America or the Chinese side, but he was eventually cut adrift from a Government vessel off Molo-kai. When I last saw him he had got into considerable practice in his profession amongst the lepers, but the scale of fees was somewhat different to that which he had been in the habit of charging in Honolulu and New Zealand. His position was also more in the character of a judge than an advocate. He had just adjudicated in an important breach of promise case between two patients, and, having decided that the would-be deceiver should marry the girl, the worthy lawyer was inundated with fees in the shape of bunches of bananas, baskets of yams, coco-nuts, &c., supplied for the most part by the girl's friends and admirers.

In some cases, when the judge obtains fees which appear to be too much in excess

of what is reasonable, the chief missionary extemporises himself into a prothonotary, and taxes the costs. This little piece of business is always carried out with the utmost good humour on the part of the two parties most immediately concerned, and the quantity by which the costs are reduced is conveyed to the missionary's residence, from which it may be needless to say it is not again sent into circulation.

Molokai contains about a thousand inhabitants. Plantation work of all kinds is followed by the majority of the people, who inter-marry and otherwise follow out all the social customs to which they have been reared.

A severe season naturally affects them more than it would a robust class of people. I remember some of the villages being in a terrible state. The people had become so reduced as to be unable to help one another, and all the work, of course, fell upon

the late famous Father Damien. The large numbers of the residents who were lucky enough not to be seriously affected were unwilling to go amongst the stricken villagers and thus risk a more virulent contagion than they already had.

It would be hard indeed—if at all possible—to imagine a scene of greater horror and loathsomeness than the picture of a leper village of low degree, such as those which are often to be seen upon Molokai. The writer had the somewhat grim distinction of riding over Isandlwanha when that blood-marked spot was but a few days known to fame, but the remembrance of it is sweet in comparison with the ghastliness of Molokai.

That men can be found to stand up and die game amidst the terrors of such work as Isandlwanha witnessed; that men can be found who are prepared to face any danger which the imagination can conjure up on

flood or field, we already know ; but it was a new departure in heroism when young Damien voluntarily abjured a life of promise and comparative luxury to devote the remainder of his days to the misery of an existence in pestilential Molokai.

A MODEL MONARCH

TIAOJI TUBOU, KING OF TONGA

THE Tongans are generally admitted to be among the smartest people in the Pacific. They have more self-reliance and natural ability as a rule than the other Pacific islanders, with the exception, of course, of the Maoris, and it has been a matter of general interest to watch the developments that have taken place in the Tongan archipelago in recent years. One of the most striking figures in the public life of the South Pacific during the latter half of this century has undoubtedly been the late King George of Tongatabu. Although anything but a warlike or ambitious man, King George, from the time that he ascended the throne of Tonga up till the moment of his death, held the most prominent

place in the public eye in the Pacific, and his word was law to many chiefs and peoples outside the limited archipelago over which he legally ruled.

Tiaoji Tubou, to give him his Tongan name, was born in 1796, so that he had nearly reached his century when he died in 1893. Like many another Tongan chief, Tiaoji Tubou left his native country when quite a young man, to see the rest of the world for himself. Shipping on board a whaler, he knocked about a good deal in Australian and American parts before he returned to Tongatabu.

When he did return home he found a fierce rebellion going on against his family's dynasty, and having picked up a good deal of general knowledge during his wanderings, he was naturally looked to for aid in the suppression of the rising. He was a long time stamping out the trouble, but stamp it out he did in a most effective way, and during the campaign earned a great reputation for per-

sonal deeds of valour and generally for his prudence and courage in the command of fighting men. He ascended the throne of Tonga on December 4, 1845, and his moderation was aptly exemplified in connection with the enthroning function, as he insisted on doing away with all the grotesque ceremony which usually marked such occasions, simply celebrating his ascension to the throne by holding a comparatively informal kava meeting. In other words, the new king invited his friends and supporters simply to come and have a drink with him on the strength of his accession. After he had been at the head of affairs in Tonga for a short time, the Wesleyan missionaries induced him to become a member of that religious body, and as he took up Christianity with abnormal enthusiasm for a Polynesian prince, he soon became what is called a lay-preacher in that body. For a number of years he occupied the pulpit regularly, and, as may be imagined, he was a great draw as a preacher. In 1853, shortly

after the discovery of gold in Australia, King George went over to Sydney, with the idea, so it was said, of taking up some gold lands and working them with the cheap labour which he could bring over from Tonga. Either the plan was not found feasible under the existing labour regulations, or the king himself did not care to tackle the hardships attending life on the then very wild gold-fields, at any rate he returned to Tonga and quietly worked away at his own gold-mine, the taxation of the Tonga people. It was shortly after this that King George paid a visit to the late King Cakobau of Fiji, whom he eventually succeeded in converting from his well-known wicked practices to a Christian life. Cakobau had every reason to be grateful to King George of Tonga for other things besides his conversion to Christianity. On one occasion, when a dangerous rebellion broke out in Fiji which Cakobau found himself utterly unable to suppress, King George sailed across from Tongatabu with a large

force of Tongan warriors and helped the Bau ruler out of his difficulties. On the whole King George was a dignified and large-hearted man of the world to whom the ruling of 25,000 or 30,000 people like the Tongans was an easy and congenial task. In the latter years of his life he was brought into much tribulation by the machinations of wicked whites who had settled in his country, and one of these, a well-known missionary, had eventually to be deported from Tongatabu by order of the British High Commissioner for the Western Pacific. The king was much beloved by all who knew him, and his death was the occasion for an expression of profound regret from one side of the South Pacific to the other.



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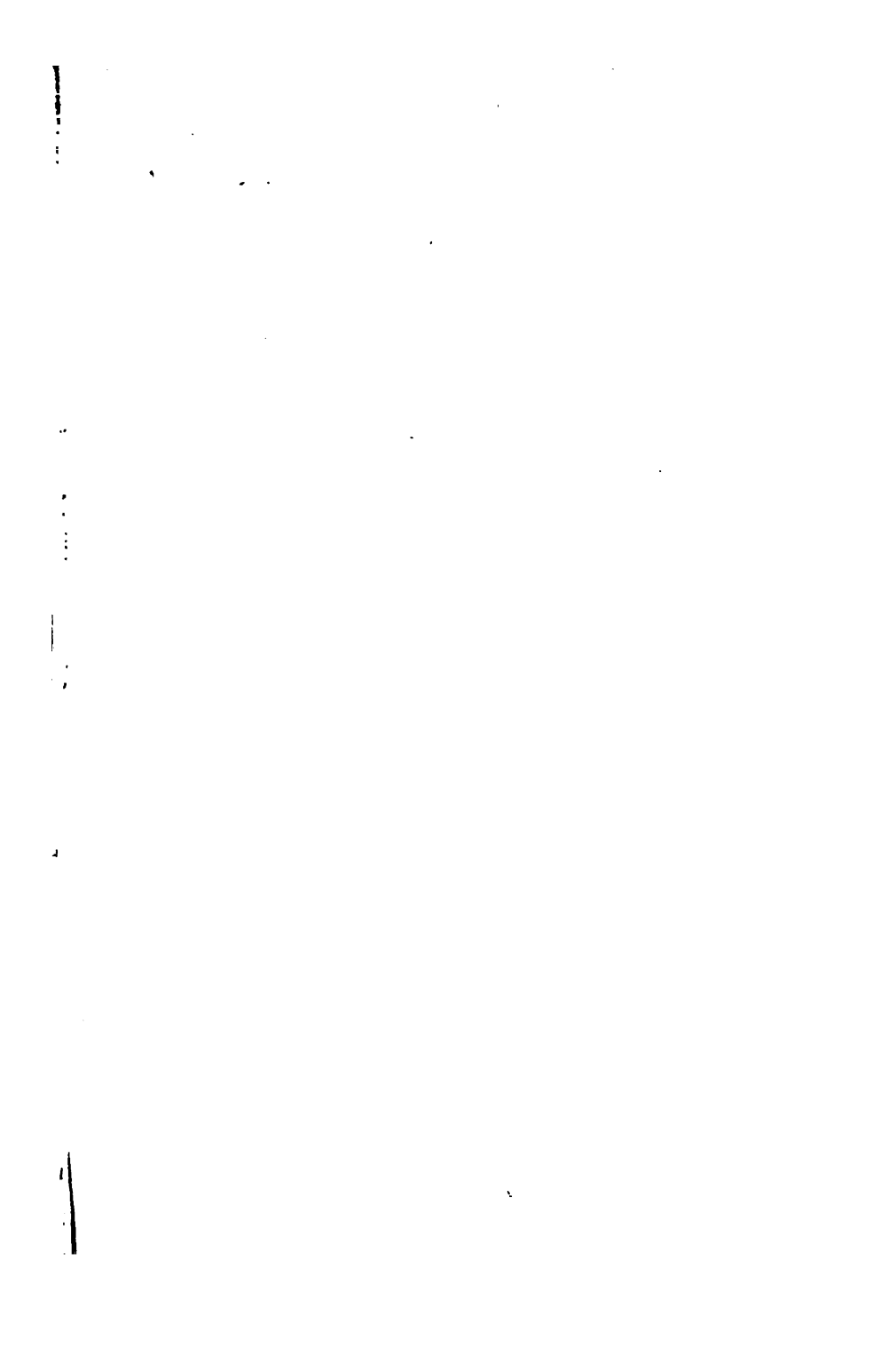
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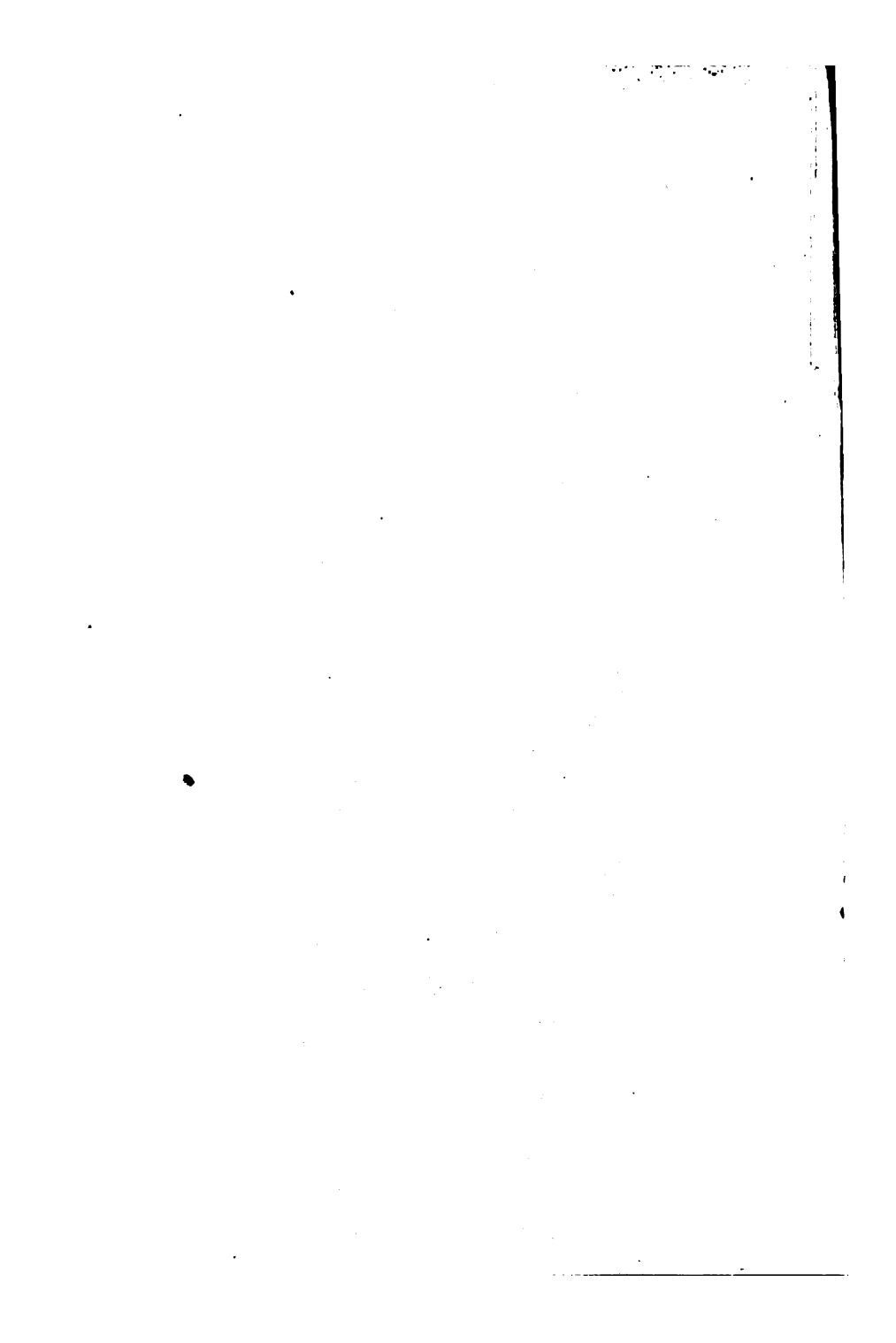
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